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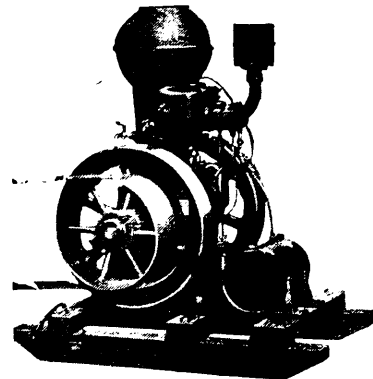
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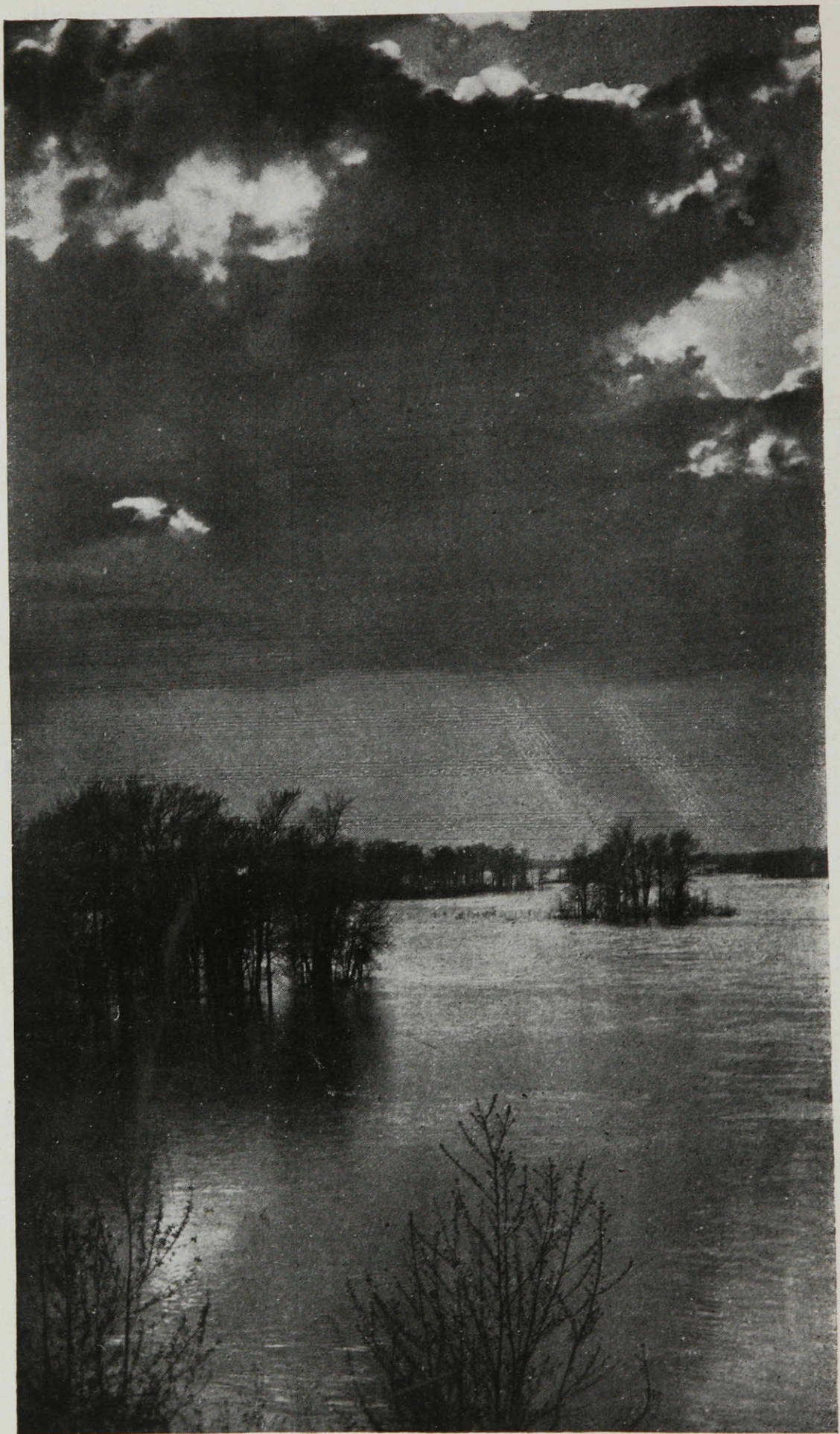
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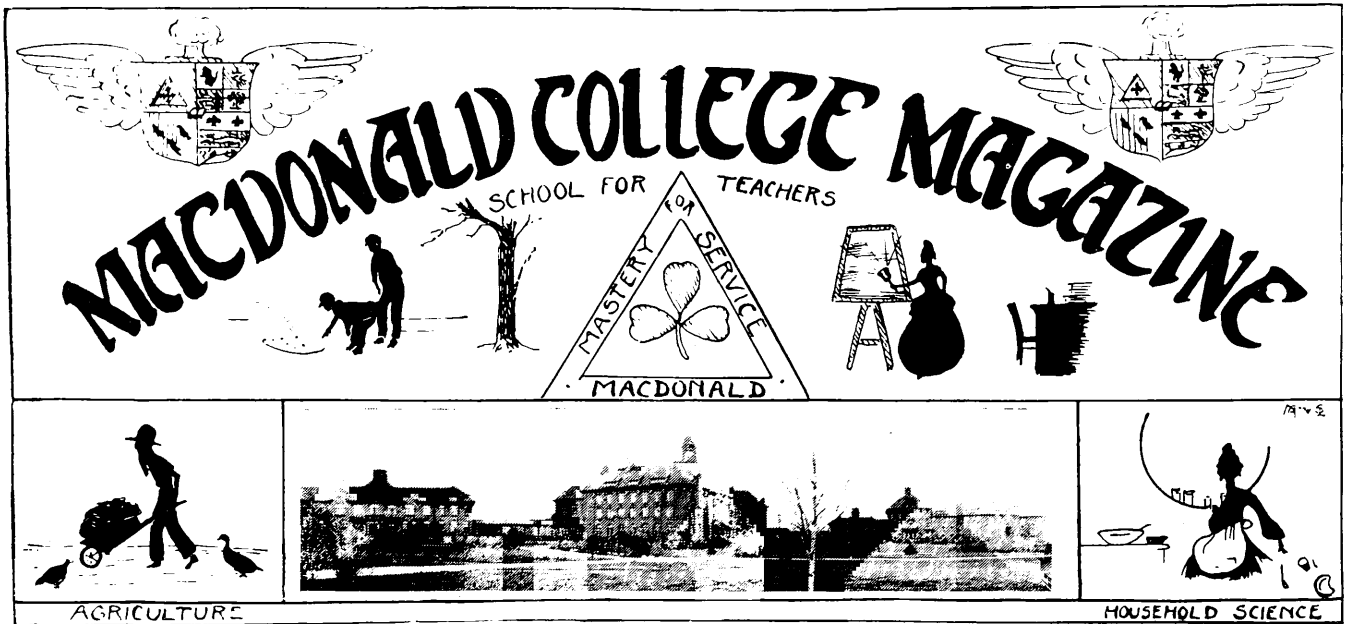
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If off your route it pays to walk.



THE OTTAWA IN FLOOD.

(Photo by Saunders.)



VOL. X.

APRIL—MAY

No. 4.

How the Macdonald College Magazine Saved a Spy

By D. G. Matthews, Agr. '21.

First Prize Story.—Literary Society Competition.

DARKNESS brought activity in Thelus Woods, overlooking Vimy Ridge, on the night of August 10th, 1917. Aided by flare lights and star shells from the enemy, the 7th (McGill) Canadian Siege Battery gathered their stores and limbered up their guns to depart for an unknown position.

Soon after midnight we were on our way along a route dotted with shell holes. Nestled among implements in lorries, with steel helmets for pillows, we went to sleep as we sped away from the enemy lines.

Orders reminded us that we had arrived at our new position while the morning was still young. We worked feverishly all during the darkness, arranging the fish-net camouflage over our guns on an improvised structure

and piling some nine hundred rounds of two hundred pound shells in trenches that were dug by Frenchmen some years before. At five in the morning we looked around for a dug-out, but were awakened at nine by the other crews coming on duty.

An explosion of a "silent Percy" of the 9.3 type greeted us as we came up from our subterranean dwelling to look over our new environment. We forgot all about the enemy's attention as the orderly corporal came around with a bag of mail. After reading our letters and sampling some of the parcels, we turned our attention to what came along to give some reading. The Macdonald College Magazine was the first to greet our eyes. The rapturous feeling of college days mingled with our joys as we read its pages.

The debt we owe our Magazine staff for its prompt arrival found its payment by our appreciation then and now.

The arrival of the College Magazine came at a very opportune time because I had planned a visit to one of my brothers who was with the 1st C. M. R.'s, resting and training for the Hill 70 attack of August 15th. I asked the section sergeant, Malcom Davis, Agr. '12 if, he had any objections to my going to Bruay. With his permission, I doubled along the communication trench towards Bully Grenay, where I jumped on our ration lorrie "en route" to the railhead. Just at the edge of the danger zone, as the lorrie turned towards Chateau-de-la-Haie at Napoo Corner, I alighted.

"Where did you get my seal skin boots?" said a traffic policeman, when I asked him the direction towards Bruay. "Mother sent me these from Newfoundland," I replied. I had a hearty handshake with George Smith when we discovered in conversation that we were both natives of Cupids. The battlefield frequently served as a meeting ground for old acquaintances. On receiving an answer to my original question, I "hopped" on a moving lorrie which landed me in the town square of Bruay at noon.

My appearance was a cause for a red cap to look me over as I inquired whether the 1st C.M.R.'s were out here on rest. He watched me as I sped through the main street to the favorite billeting area, with a wireless forage cap pulled over my head, and garbed in a black rubber coat, no puttees and issued boots replaced by long seal skin boots (that looked like Heine's).

On being advised by a member of

the "Pats" that the eighth brigade was not in the town, I decided to have a meal and return to the unit. Strolling over the hill in the back of the town I was confronted by a provost-sergeant accompanied by two Imperial red caps with drawn revolvers. "Where are you going?" said the provost-sergeant, as he pointed a revolver at my face. "I think I'll go back now," came the reply. "You're not, you're coming with me," he said. "This looks very interesting," I remarked. "What have you got there?" he growled as he snatched the Macdonald College Magazizne from my hand. When I said, "That is the finest academic production of its kind in the North American Continent," he thought I was talking German, so he placed me between the two military policemen and we moved along.

A few minutes brought us to one of the typical, dirty-looking, brick houses of that mining town, bearing a familiar sign, "Town Major." As the door was opened the provost-sergeant took off my hat and brought me into the so-called office. The dark, aged, austere-looking major, wearing a pair of black wire-rimmed spectacles, looked up as the sergeant aroused his attention.

"I found this man walking about the town, without a pass, asking questions about troops and he has this in his possession," shouted the sergeant slamming the Macdonald College Magazine on the table. The old boy opened up the envelope, and spent a few moments glancing over the pages. He smiled as he said, "I must say you have good looking girls at this college,—Macdonald, you call it." "They are just like the Canadian Army," I said, "They can't be beaten."

"Are you a Canadian?"

"It gives me great pleasure to say I am."

"Stand at attention and say SIR to an officer," growled the provost-sergeant.

"I am talking to the town major and you can consider yourself a privileged audience," I replied.

"Sit down, sergeant, this man shows more intellectual capacity than any of my staff."

"To what division do you belong?"

"I belong to Canadian Corps troops."

"What is your unit?"

"The 7th McGill Canadian Siege Battery," I replied.

"Where is your unit?"

"In a secluded position."

"Where is the position?"

"That is a state secret, but you can telephone the O.C. if you wish."

"Have you a pay book?"

"My paybook is in my tunic which is back with the battery."

"Have you any identification discs?"

"Yes."

"How can you prove that your discs are correct?"

"By the Macdonald College Magazine."

"Is your name in this list?"

"Yes,—it appears among the M's."

"Here it is—how remarkable!"

Just then the sergeant grew excited and wanted to forcibly remove my coat, but I reminded him with the tip "hands off." I took off my coat when the sergeant said, "What kind of a unit do you belong to—wearing a muslin short-sleeved shirt and muddy-looking cotton breeches with a tear in them?"

I replied, "Ours is not a polishing,

'safety-first' outfit, but a fighting unit."

This made him somewhat angry, and he quickly asked the town major what he should do with me.

"You had better detain him, because I want to read this Magazine to-night. Meanwhile, I'll telephone his unit."

With characteristic military guidance, the police led me to their quarters, which was a dirty-looking house on Rue de Soulanges. On entering, I started to read a Paris edition of the London "Daily Mail" that was lying on a table.

"Take off your coat," growled the sergeant.

"With pleasure," I replied.

"And your boots."

"Are you going to give me a bath?"

"Take everything out of your pockets."

"For the love of McGill, don't lose that two francs."

"Have you searched all your pockets?"

"Yes."

"Say SIR to me."

"I have never said SIR to anybody in uniform yet, and I am not going to start on you."

"You haven't searched this pocket," he said, pushing his hand inside a three-cornered tear in my breeches.

I felt like saying, "If you were on to your job you would search my gas mask and examine my field dressing because there is a pocket camera in there," but I let him rave on in his ignorance.

"Come with me."

With thoughts of a real sleep in a cosy bed, I followed. A door was opened and as I entered it was closed and bolted. When I reached the bottom of a winding stairs I felt my way along

a dark passage and shouted, "Who the hell is in here?" "You have got some company; come this way," came a voice with a Canadian accent.

"What are you fellows doing here?" I asked.

There was a little window which gave enough light to see their outlines. The Canadian told me that he was talking to an officer friend of his in the town and because he said, "So long digger," on leaving without saluting, the military policeman pinched him. In words none too polite he described how these fellows must make so many arrests every week or they will have to go into the line. The other fellow, an English soldier, described how he was working with his labour battalion repairing a road, and feeling rather thirsty he dropped into an estaminet, during closed hours, by the back entrance and was caught by the military police. "For doing that," he said, "I am doing twenty-eight days No. 1 field punishment here." "I should have got away with it," he continued, "but I didn't have enough money to give the red cap a drink, so I was pinched."

On hearing their stories I told them mine, which they agreed had theirs in the shade. It was then about three in the afternoon. I finally told them, unless I was wanted personally, not to call me for any of their army rations—what I needed most was a sleep. So I stretched out on the concrete floor for a peaceful rest. About noon next day I was awakened to the tune of the scratching, tearing, metallic noise caused by the opening of a "bully beef" can. A meal of bully beef and hard tack filled the bill. We were discussing the possibilities of rais-

ing a smoke when a voice shouted, "Come up on the double, M—."

Wishing my short-lived room-mates the best of luck, I strolled up to meet my fate. "Hello, Gordon," I exclaimed on seeing G. Morrisette of Science '21, McGill. "What are you doing here?" said Gordon.

"This was my hotel for last night."

"Let's go over to the Chien d'Or café for a meal before we go back."

"As soon as these parasites give me my belongings we will hike."

It was with reluctance that the police allowed me to dress. They returned everything, even to the Magazine.

"Tough luck, Woodbines; you felt sure you had forty pounds and three months' leave to Blighty for capturing a spy. You want to come up our way and play the game instead of helping the W.A.A.C.'s make their dough."

As we went out I slipped all the cigarettes I possessed through the cell window to the prisoners below. After a real meal in the café mentioned we returned by lorries to our unit, arriving just as the day shed its last bright rays. Everybody greeted me as the battery's spy.

Next morning the sergeant-major warned me for office. At 9.30 a.m. the following charge was read to me by Major Tait (Professor of Psychology at McGill):—"Gunner M—, you are charged by the Town Major of Bruay with being absent from your unit for two hours without a paybook or a pass. Who gave you permission to go to Bruay?"

"The section sergeant."

"That's right. I gave orders that any time the section sergeant gave you permission to be away for a day you

may go, but why did they arrest you?"

"The military police thought I was a spy."

"What saved you?"

"The Macdonald College Magazine."

After I had explained the details, the O.C. decided the whole affair was the best case that had yet come under his supervision, and I was dismissed with a laugh.

Newfoundland

By H. A. Butler, Agr. '21.

IN this article on Newfoundland—"England's oldest colony"—appropriately designated "The Norway of the New World," it is perhaps well to glance backward, and make a brief review before giving its general characteristics and descriptions, along with other items of general interest.

Away back in the dim and distant ages, when tradition held sway, we have no authentic records of what peoples were the first to discover and trade with the aboriginal Indians. But

to whom Henry VII "paid a reward of £10 to him that found the new isle."—If we are to judge these daring navigators, we must judge them by their deeds; for never was an enterprise undertaken with such far-reaching consequences, as the influence exerted on human affairs by the discovery of new lands.

Although the English discovered Newfoundland and the rich fishing grounds near it, the French were the first to profit by them. England used



Shows view of eastern part of Conception Bay. To the right H. M. S. Renown with H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. To the left the iron mines on Bell Island, the tenth largest in output in the world.

we must, in passing, pay tribute to those great explorers who set out to discover new lands, such as the Cabots who sailed from Bristol in 1497, and

the island for drying their fish, as did the fishermen of other nations, but made no attempt to claim Newfoundland as her own until 1583, when Sir

Humphrey Gilbert claimed it. Efforts at colonization failed. Then followed the long duel with France, and although France made many attempts to hold Newfoundland, she met with failure.

The dawn of the 17th century saw England a country rich in tradition and possibilities, but limited in extent and resources. She had given to the world leaders in literature and discovery, but it remained for her to take a further interest in the new lands discovered. Two hundred and fifty years after the occupation of the island by the British no roads had been constructed, and intercourse between the fishing settlements was maintained by the sea or by rough paths cut through the woods. In 1729 a Governor was appointed, and from then onwards the colony entered upon a new era in its history, and became something more to the British Empire than a mere calling-place for fishermen.

In many parts of the British Empire to-day very little is known about "Our Oldest Colony." Many people associate Newfoundland with the idea of a land of fogs surrounded by icebergs, and many people whom I have met in different parts of the world still hold this erroneous impression, partly on account of inaccurate information found in books—and partly on account of reports made upon misleading and inaccurate observations. It is with the idea of clearing up some of these unfounded reports, and also of giving our readers a broader view of the ancient colony's status, that I have written this article.

From a glance at the map of North America, the geographical position of Newfoundland is at once made singular, commanding, as the island does,

the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and forming a stepping-stone, as it were, between the Old World and the New.

Looking closer at the map, one is immediately struck with the indentations in the coast line, where numerous magnificent bays stretch out their arms to form some of the finest harbours in the world. It is easy to remember that the island is triangular in shape, with an area of 42,200 square miles, about one-third greater than that of Ireland.

To go deeper into the island, "The Norway of the New World," the deep fiords which indent its shores have a remarkable resemblance to those of Norway, and are no less magnificent in scenery, while superior in size.

I admit that there are tracts of land utterly barren, and other parts covered with marshes, lakes, and rivers, but in general the natural scenery of the island is one of great beauty resembling somewhat the Highlands of Scotland in its natural, picturesque, bold type of scenery. The rolling country to the hilltops is clothed with many kinds of trees—spruce, fir, maple, birch, hazel, and pine. In autumn, the barrens are covered with a rich carpeting of thick moss of every shade and color. The foaming torrents and tumbling cascades, teeming with trout and salmon, make the island an ideal spot for scenery and sport. The banks of the rivers and lakes are fringed with wild berries, and adorned with many varieties of wild flowers and ferns. The countless lakes are the homes of the wild geese, ducks and other water fowl. Lordly caribou or deer in vast herds traverse the island at different seasons, while the black bear, silver and black fox, marten, beaver, lynx,

otter, and other fur-bearing animals, sport among the forest glades or beside the tinkling rills.

The climate compares favourably with that of Nova Scotia; it is healthy, but not severe. In fact, the summer is surprising to those who are acquainted with the island.

Up to the present, Newfoundland has been dependent chiefly upon the fisheries, especially the cod fishery—the greatest in the world. Although the population numbers about a quarter of a million, at least one-quarter are engaged in catching and curing fish, and about one-sixteenth follow

paid to agriculture in the past, except in a small way. Lack of organization, and to a great extent lack of trained men, are responsible for the neglect of this fundamental industry. I do not say that the country is not suitable for general farming, or even mixed farming, intensive farming, or ranch farming. I think it is suitable for any type of farming. Experience has shown that for raising vegetables and small fruits the soil and climate are unsurpassed. Cereals and other crops have produced high yields; what then is lacking? It is not the cost alone of clearing the land, neither the



Illustrates the type of country in the interior along the line of The Reid Newfoundland Company.

other occupations, such as mining, lumbering, furring, etc. Next in importance comes the seal fishery, prosecuted during the winter months of March and April.

In mineral wealth the country is very rich. Large deposits of iron, copper, coal and nickel are being developed and exported in the raw state.

Considering the enormous potential wealth found existing in both Newfoundland and Labrador, very little, comparatively speaking, of these resources have been turned into actual wealth. No great attention has been

fertility of the land, nor yet climatic conditions, but social causes and lack of interest in the possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint. Even in the live stock branch the country affords an excellent market for all classes of stock, with conditions similar to those of Eastern Canada. Good selection, breeding, and proper feeding are the essentials necessary to make the country a great producing centre in this branch of agriculture.

To-day, there is a period of reconstruction sweeping over the whole

world, fraught with great possibilities and opportunities. Newfoundland is realizing this and also realizing that this is the coming age of specialists. From latest reports an Experimental Farm is under way, and Dr. Campbell, as Minister of Agriculture, will no doubt advance the agricultural demands that are awakening to the cries of increased production. Great care must be taken in preventing Crown lands passing into large estates.

The problems to solve are many, but in order to place the country on an agricultural basis, a few factors and remedies are worth consideration, both in organization and education:

1st. Organization of labour and resources.

2nd. A greater extension of railways and means of a better, cheaper, and quicker transportation system. Good roads.

3rd. Compulsory education, with agricultural and nature study subjects taught in elementary and High Schools.

4th. The need of an Agricultural Institution, with experimental farms, and

trained men to demonstrate and give advice.

5th. By inculcating a love of nature in the minds of the growing children, fostering that love of nature by practical work, in making the rural school grounds a source of delight, and providing a stimulus in offering prizes in competitions.

When these changes come about, then Newfoundland will be the ideal home of the settler, and a producer of no mean importance, with her people happy and contented.

I am not going to discuss the pros and cons as to whether Newfoundland should join in confederation with Canada, or whether it would be advantageous as regards development of commerce, trade, and production. It seems, however, that Confederation today is farther off than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. Newfoundlanders, Canadians, and Americans are content to live in peace and harmony each with the other, and make up by cordial relationship the links that bind together the peoples of the New World.

A Moonlight Raid

By F. W. Dogherty, Agr. '21.

Second Prize Story.—Literary Society Competition

A PILOT and an observer stood talking to their Squadron Commander on an aerodrome near Bailleul. While the Squadron Commander was giving some final instructions and a little advice, a big black aeroplane was wheeled out of the hangar. The two flying officers saluted the Squadron Commander and climbed into the machine. There was a short delay while they adjusted their gloves and goggles, then the pilot tested the various controls, and the observer put a drum of

ammunition on to the machine-gun.

A mechanic swung the propeller a few times and then rested against it. "Contact, Sir!" he shouted.

"Contact!" replied the pilot.

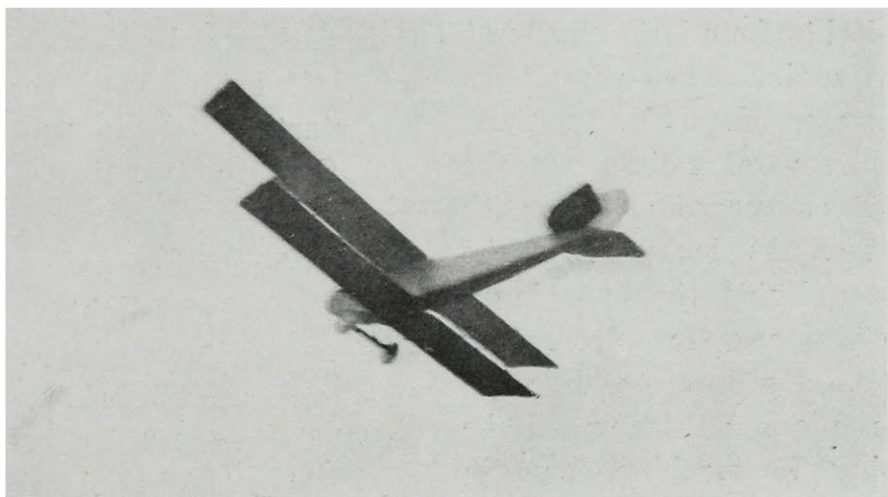
The mechanic swung the propeller again and the engine sputtered and raced, then settled down to a steady roar. The pilot watched the instruments on the dashboard for a moment, and after throttling down the engine he waved his hand. The mechanics pulled the chocks from in front of the

wheels and the machine started down the aerodrome. The roar of the engine increased and the black night-bomber gathered speed, raced along the ground and in a moment was in the air.

No time was wasted in gaining height, and the course was set north-east. It was dusk; the east was dull and threatening, but the west was warm with the last glow of the departed sun. The lines were soon reached and the Veri lights had begun their nightly display. To the north and to the south the flash of guns pierced the growing darkness, and

ners put up a barrage in the general path of the machine, but their fire was of little account; they had only the noise of the engine to guide them. Many of the shells burst ridiculously far away, but the occasional ones bursting nearby were very disconcerting. Without warning shells burst just in front or to the side of the machine and the darkness was stabbed with a flash of flame. A deep "Wouff!" accompanied this and shell fragments glowed red in the air for a moment and then became invisible.

From several points ahead the beams from searchlights shifted restlessly ov-



The west was bright with the last glow of the departed sun as the machine droned eastward.

bursting shells gave their flame for a moment, like myriad fire-flies on a June evening.

The machine was now over the lines and a glance back showed the dim form of what was once the city of Ypres. The twin lakes, Zillebeke and Dickebusch, lay like dull mirrors farther south. On the pilot's left Houthulst Forest showed as a black smudge and ahead somewhere in the darkness was Courtrai, the objective of the bombing raid.

The flight was becoming more interesting as the machine droned eastward. The Boche anti-aircraft gun-

er the sky looking for the night raider, but the pilot kept a fairly straight course. He knew from the experience of many other night raids that they would only get a really good sample of hate close to a town.

The moon was bright now, but there was a slight haze that helped to screen the machine from the view of the thousands of watchers on the ground.

Ahead a small river appeared like a silver ribbon. The observer consulted his map and verified his conjecture that Courtrai was that stretch of deep shadow and high light to the south-east. He tapped the pilot and

pointed to the town and nodded his head. The pilot understood and swung the machine a little south.

The toughest part of the job was now to come, and both men knew what to expect. There was no opportunity to ponder on the perils of the raid for three bursts of shrapnel barked, "Wouff! Wouff! Wouff!" That was only an introduction to what was to follow, for a moment later a heavy barrage started and seemed to envelop the machine. The pilot sideslipped and turned, but the anti-aircraft gunners were trying to bracket the machine, and a shell burst ahead whichever way it turned.

The search-lights found the machine, only to lose it again. Then the *Crème de Menthe* commenced. This stuff was shot up from several points on the ground, and it converged in the path of the machine. It looked like the strings of green lights that people in happier countries use for decorating Christmas-trees. Up it came, burning fiercely—one piece of it would be enough to bring the machine down in flames, but it all rose and fell to one side.

The observer swung his machine-gun downward and tapped the pilot again and pointed to an open square in the town. The pilot put the nose of the machine down, and it gathered more speed for the rush through the heavier barrage ahead.

They were over the square now at a height of barely 1,000 feet. The racket of a hundred machine-guns on the rooftops added to the confusing din. A few hundred yards to the east was the railroad station. The observer fingered the bomb release expectantly. Now they were almost over the station, and the observer jerked the re-

lease four times and watched the result. Four flashes showed where the bombs fell. One fell short, one made a direct hit on the station, and the other two ripped up the tracks close by. Fairly good results thought the observer. It would mean that the traffic through the station would be delayed for some time and a lot of confusion would be caused. In addition to this it would take a working party of a hundred men a day or two to repair the roadbed and the damaged station.

The barrage was heaviest now, and it seemed impossible that a machine could escape being shattered by the flying shrapnel. But soon the town was left behind and the return journey started. Menin was to be skirted and then the worst part of the raid was over.

At Menin there was a surprise in store. A search-light located the machine and held it in its glare. At once two other search-lights concentrated on the black raider and kept it in plain view. The observer swung his gun around and fired down the beam of one of the lights. That search-light went out, and he tried one of the others, but with no success. The anti-aircraft guns started their hate afresh. A shell burst just overhead and pieces of it whistled over the pilot's head and crashed through the fabric of the planes. Pilot and observer became rigid, expecting the machine to crumple up and plunge down to the earth; but the bomber continued to fly west for a few moments. Then the engine began to miss. The pilot worked with his controls, but it continued to sputter and choke and then stopped altogether. The pilot continued to work frantically, but he knew it was hope-

less. The engine was quite quiet now and only the gentle hum of the bracing wires could be heard as the 'bus glided downward.

"That last bit of shrapnel got the engine," shouted the pilot, "have to drop a flare now."

He turned a gage at his side and a parachute flare dropped from the under side of the lower wing. It floated down and lighted the ground below. At a glance the pilot saw that there was a fairly good landing ground there, so he brought the machine down in a spiral and landed successfully.

Pilot and observer, jumped to the ground and listened. Nothing was to be heard but the booming of the guns to the west. They had landed about half a mile from Menin.

A hurried conversation took place, and they decided not to burn the machine, but to damage it as much as possible without making a noise. Then they would start south to a quieter sector, where they would have some chance of getting across the line and escape being made prisoners.

They carried out the first part of this plan and commenced the weary tramp south. Roads could not be followed, as every person had to be avoided. It was a friendly country, but it was thick with Huns. All that night they trudged along in their heavy flying kit. Progress was slow.

At dawn they hid in a ditch that was screened by a number of willows. There was not much rest for them that day, as troops were continually passing along a road near at hand. In the afternoon they were cheered to see a British aeroplane overhead dropping thousands of sheets of propaganda. One sheet fluttered down and dropped a few yards away from them. A

German transport driver left the road and came over to pick it up. He was not more than three yards from them, and it seemed certain that they would be discovered. However, Fritz was too occupied with the sheet to glance around, and he moved off without noticing the two officers.

When it was again dark they commenced to walk south, but now hunger and weakness added to their difficulties.

"We'll have to try for some grub to-night, Dan," said the red-headed observer. "We can't go on this way much longer. We'll try the first house we come to."

Dan agreed to this, and they trudged on. An hour later they came to a small cottage with a light in the window. They looked through the window, and the first thing that caught their attention was a large glass pot of honey on a table. What luck! A pot of honey is a welcome find after a day and a half without food. But now they noticed that a German N.C.O. was sitting reading with his back to the window. They could see no one else, so they decided to get the honey before anyone appeared.

Dan found a heavy piece of hardwood and arranged that Mac, the observer, should watch outside while he went in and got the honey. He tried the door, and it opened noiselessly, so he crept softly up behind the Boche. The closely cropped head of the German fascinated him—he gripped his club and gathered himself for a spring. There was a familiar "click" behind him and he glanced around to find a Boche covering him with a rifle. This chap had been behind the door and had watched Dan until his intentions were plain. Dan was clearly corner-

ed; he threw up his hands and Boche No. 1 who was now fully alive to the situation fell on him tooth and nail. Boche No. 2 still covered him with the rifle while the other hammered him unmercifully.

"It was an awkward position to be in," Dan remarked to Mac, some time later, when they were discussing what had happened, "if I had hit back I would have been shot. I thought the best thing to do was to faint, so I pretended to faint, but that made no difference to Fritz, he kept right on pounding my head. Look at my face now—just like a piece of steak. Oh Lord!"

The observer, watching outside, heard the row in the cottage, and rushed in. The Huns saw him at once and covered him with a rifle. Dan and Mac were both helpless now.

The two Germans talked together for a moment, then one of them hurried from the cottage to return a little later with several infantrymen carrying rifles and a roll of wire.

The two flying officers were bound with the wire and then they were questioned. Who were they? Where did they come from? Why did they come into the cottage? Mac spoke German, but he ignored most of the questions. He told them that he was very hungry and that Dan had crept into the cottage to get the pot of honey.

The Germans replied that they too were hungry, that their rations were very, very small.

Two guards watched them all night and on the following morning the two prisoners were questioned by a num-

ber of German officers. A little black bread and some soup was given them, and in the afternoon they were started on the long train journey to a fortress in Alsace.

The fortress was just a little worse than anything that their imagination had suggested. They were put into a cell that was already overcrowded with French *poilus*. A little straw scattered on the floor served as beds. The whole place was filthy and infested with vermin. Food consisted of a little watery cabbage soup and a small piece of sour black bread twice a day.

Poor old Dan and Mac—small wonder that you gnaw your lips till the blood comes. Living under the worst conditions, who will condemn you for becoming sullen and morose. But what hurts most is the fact that now you are useless as far as the war is concerned. You had been a factor in helping to bring the war to a successful end, but now your fighting days are over. What would you not give to be back with your squadron, although it was Hell at times, instead of stagnating in a filthy prison.

These thoughts must have obsessed their minds, but there were rare times when they were more cheery and they would laugh at some of the startling things that had happened to them.

"We've had the Devil's own luck in being captured," remarked Dan one evening. "The prospect of spending the duration of the war in this hole would make any man grouse, but what goes against the grain more than anything else is that we didn't get that d—— pot of honey after all."

Revision of the Courses in Agriculture

By Principal F. C. Harrison.

FOR thirteen years the curriculum in the school of agriculture has remained practically unchanged. There was a two-year course arranged to meet the needs of farmers' sons who desired to return to their farms, and a four-year course, which was a continuation of the two-year course, and which in the words of the announcement, was for the purpose of affording opportunity for more advanced knowledge of rural economy, and more thorough and exact acquaintance with the natural sciences, and their applications to the conditions, processes and organization of rural life.

This four-year course, therefore, was expected to serve a double purpose, but like the average dual purpose animal, the highest excellence was absent from both the two-year course and the four-year course.

Commencing with the college year 1920-21, two separate and distinct courses are offered in agriculture. The first of these will be known as "The Winter Course in Agriculture" and will be of four and one-half months' duration, commencing November 1st, and finishing March 15th. It affords a special opportunity of spending a winter season in studying agriculture, and the time is selected with a view to interfering as little as possible with farm operations. It is intensely practical in character and is designed with the following objects in mind: (1) To give the largest amount of information and training in practical agriculture in the shortest possible time. (2) To equip the farmer for solving his own farm problems. (3) To awaken him to the many opportunities on the farm

and to give him an inspiration along agricultural lines. (4) To enable him to fill a more useful place in rural citizenship. Emphasis in this course is placed upon animal husbandry, cereal husbandry, horticulture, agricultural engineering, farm management and poultry, and besides there are supplementary lectures in biology, bacteriology, physics and chemistry. The course in English is devoted to composition, the use of words, sentence structure, letter writing, and some opportunity is given in the practice of public speaking. The course in economics has special reference to co-operation, business organization, banking and rural credit, agricultural law and problems of rural life.

It is hoped that a large number of young men who are unable to leave their farm for any length of time will avail themselves of the opportunities afforded in this course.

The four-year course in agriculture leading to the degree of B.S.A. has been entirely changed. The entrance requirements to this course is the school leaving examination of the Province of Quebec or its equivalent.

During the first and second years the four practical subjects of animal husbandry, cereal husbandry, horticulture and poultry each receive two lectures and two laboratory periods per term. The science subjects, such as biology, chemistry, physics, bacteriology and veterinary science are given proportionately more time than in the old four-year course. Agricultural engineering is also given a prominent place. The time given to English has

been increased by one period a week and mathematics has been dropped from the second year, owing to the change of the entrance requirements.

In the third year students are permitted to begin their specialized studies. All, however, have to take the subjects of chemistry, dairy bacteriology, physics, genetics, economics and English, and options are provided in animal husbandry, cereal husbandry, horticulture, vegetable pathology and entomology. The student in each option has seven lectures and four laboratory periods a week to devote to the subject of his option.

In the fourth year, economics, practice teaching and soil management are the only three subjects which are common to all students. The major part of the time is devoted to the option and those subjects in close relationship to it, as for example, in the animal husbandry option, eight lectures and five laboratory periods a week are devoted to the major subject, and the minor subjects include veterinary science, chemistry of feeds and feeding and animal bacteriology. In the cereal husbandry option eight lectures and four laboratory periods are devoted to the major subject, and the minor subjects studied are feeds and feeding, botany, entomology, soils and fertiliz-

ers, and soil bacteriology. In the horticulture option eight lectures and four laboratory periods are devoted to the major subjects, and the minor subjects studied are soils and fertilizers, plant pathology, entomology, chemistry of insecticides and fungicides, bacteriology, plant pathology and canning. In the vegetable pathology option the major subjects studied are botany, entomology and bacteriology. In the entomology option five courses are given, two in zoology, two in botany and one in bacteriology. Attention is also drawn in the announcement to the fact that graduate courses leading to the degree of Master of Science may be undertaken under the direction of the Committee on Graduate Studies of McGill University, and steps are now being taken to permit an advanced degree in agriculture to be taken at the College. In all probability the title of this degree will be Master of Science in Agriculture and designation of the degree when abbreviated will be M.S.A.

Besides these options, which will be duly set forth in the next announcement, opportunity is given to students to make a selection of any of the courses offered after full consultation with and consent of the faculty of agriculture.

If your Subscription Expires with this issue, A DOLLAR AND YOUR ADDRESS, sent to the Business Manager, Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College, Que., will ensure your receiving the magazine for another year.

"The Doom-Bar"

By Mrs. A. R. Milne.

Winning Story for Special Prize for Girls stories offered by Mrs. I. M. Ilsen in Lit. Soc. Competition.

WE had rounded the last bend. A few more strong strokes pulled by the sturdy little lad at the oars would drive the "Little Bess" into the harbour of Padstow. But for the moment the boat was drifting on the tide so that I might gaze down the harbour to the spot where lay the famous "Doom-Bar," feared, when the sea is in an angry mood, by every sailor sailing the waters which beat on the North Cornish coast. Many times I had heard the story of the Doom-Bar, and as we drifted on the tide towards the open bay beyond the harbour mouth, I heard it again from the young Cornish lad.

The legend was that years ago a mermaid sat combing her hair in the sunshine. She was sitting on a rock which rose in the middle of the bay, and which since had been blasted away. A Cornishman, carrying a gun, was walking aimlessly along the top of the cliffs, when his eye was caught by the sight of what he took to be a beautiful sea-gull, resting on the rock in the middle of the bay. Coveting for his wife the wings and breast plumage of the bird, he took careful aim and fired, wounding the mermaid. She slipped into the waves, and dying, cursed the bar. "No ship," she said, "should ever pass over the bar in safety"; and to this day no ship ever has.

It must have been on such a day as this, I thought, that the incident of the legend occurred. The sun, which was on the decline, bathed everything

with a warm glow, and all seemed so quiet and still, except on the quay, where a few men and women could be seen moving about. Away beyond the village stretched green fields, divided by low trim hedges, in which browsed lazy cattle. Far away rose wooded hills which seemed to shut out the world, keeping the village peaceful and secluded. The village itself nestled in a valley that ran down to meet the inlet which formed the harbour.

On the other side, looking down the long bay, which formed an entrance to the harbour, could be seen towering cliffs, many hundreds of feet in height. There they stood, more beautiful than anything carved by the hand of man, always a warning to the adventurous or defiant. It seemed a more perilous coast could nowhere be found. Far away two headlands jutted out, seeming almost to cut off the quiet land-locked harbour wherein we lay from the broad Atlantic which rolled beyond. And down there the cursed bar lay, on which so many gallant ships had ended their days. But not a hint of it was given to-day. How beautiful the bay looked! The colour was a marvellous blue, rivalling that of the Mediterranean. The surface was calm and unbroken, save for the ripples breaking playfully in shining bursts on the gray rocks. Far away on the highest point of the headland stood a lighthouse. At night I knew its light would flash out warning and directions to ships approaching those perilous shores. I was awakened from

my reverie by the strong young voice of my boatman. "My mother will worry if I am late," said the lad, "so I'll pull her in now," and he dipped his oars and headed for the quay.

Scarcely an hour before, as a holiday tourist in Cornwall, I had been preparing to spend the night in Wadebridge, six or seven miles from my destination, Padstow, a large fishing village on the north coast of Cornwall. The old stage coach had broken down, and no conveyance could be found in which to make the journey. Suddenly the keeper of the village inn, of whom I had made enquiries, remembered that Harry was "up-river" for flour. Harry Tremaine was a bright-eyed lad of ten. He had rowed up to the mill to get flour for his mother, and was returning to Padstow at ebb tide. He asked me if I would like to go down with him in his boat, which offer I gladly accepted. On the way he had regaled me with stories of Cornish life and folk-lore, of which the legend of the Doom-Bar was one.

Soon we were at the quay-side, and in a few moments Harry had tied up the boat, and we were standing on the quay. I asked Harry if he could tell me where I could obtain accommodation. "Well, sir," he replied, "if you like to come with me, my mother may let you stay with us. She is alone. My father died two years ago, and now mother keeps the grocery shop, and sometimes people stay with us when there is no room in the inn." I was tired and glad to go with him, so we started off together.

Our way lay through the market place, and up the narrow, cobbled, main street. As we turned the corner there darted to Harry's side a little, white-clad figure, a little maid of

about four summers. Her hair was short and curly and she wore no hat. Her feet and legs were bare, and as she stood before us she seemed almost to be a little sprite of mischief, or a fairy, in whom the Cornish believe.

"Hurry up, Harry. Mother made pasties for tea, and won't let us start without you; and I am so hungry," cried the little maid. "This is my little sister, Mary." Harry informed me, and turning to Mary he added, "Mary, this gentleman is going to stay with us if mother will let him; so come along." So saying, he took his sister's hand, and we started off once more, and soon reached Harry's home.

As he had told me, his mother kept a grocery shop and as we passed in she was serving a customer with pilchards from a large earthenware crock, in which lay hundreds of the little silvery fish. Harry told his mother that I was seeking lodgings, and asked if I could use their spare room. To this Mrs. Tremaine consented.

Harry's mother was a slim, well-built woman, and carried herself with a grace that would be the envy of many present debutantes. Her brown eyes were sad and told a story of loneliness. She had five children ranging from two years to ten. Harry, her eldest boy, was her right-hand man. Mary, the life of the home, and Willie her baby boy, her comfort.

After partaking of a real Cornish supper of soused pilchards, hot pasties, and saffron cake, I asked to be directed to the Customs House. "Mary is going down to see her grandfather," said Mrs. Tremaine, "she will go with you."

Presently Mary appeared. Although the sun had long since set, she carried a little red parasol. The little

hand that lightly held the handle was encased in a little red glove. In the other hand she tightly held a brightly coloured woollen rein, which served as a lead for a small kitten. Our journey was slow and broken at frequent intervals to allow the kitten to rest, or Mary to kick with her little foot any dog who tried to sniff her pet. And so in the gathering twilight I had time to take in the details of the village.

and lemon plant. At the back of the cottages were well-kept vegetable gardens. Both front and rear gardens were enclosed by low white-washed walls, topped with feathery tamerisks. This evening an air of blissful quietness prevailed all.

At last Mary, her kitten, and I arrived at our destination. The Customs House, of which Mary's grandfather was officer, stood at the harbour



DOOM-BAR BAY, PADSTOW.

The Doom-Bar stretches between the two headlands seen in the distance. The life-boat station lies just over the hill in the foreground.

The cottages around the quay were made of grey stone, with old-fashioned tiled roofs. The remainder of the cottages were low and small, with heavily thatched roofs. They were all white-washed and gleamed in the fading light. The pathways up to the cottages were made of large whitewashed bricks. In front of the cottages were long gardens, in which bloomed nearly all the year round (so I was told) strong-stemmed geraniums, and big fuschias, thick bushes of "Boy's love,"

mouth. The old man was seated outside the door, smoking a long wooden pipe. When one meets a Cornishman one feels an indefinable something which fascinates and holds. The Cornish are true descendents of their noble sires, the Celts. They are very hospitable, and courteous to a fault. How true are the words of the author who wrote, "Manners, like genius, may be improved, but cannot be taught." Of these qualities I had received proof, and before many hours were past,

proof was to be given of their fearlessness and bravery in the face of death.

How long we sat outside the Customs House I do not remember. Time was forgotten as I listened to the stories of the sea, and of the old man's life. Often he mentioned the Doom-Bar, and told me how storms would suddenly come up in a few hours, and the still waters be lashed into raging foam. I was brought back to the present by the little maid, who had gone to sleep in my arms, suddenly awakening, and remembering that I had promised not to keep the little one out late, we started back to the shop. The old man, whose name was George Stone, was going to see his daughter, so he came with us. Our way lay along the quay where the men were mending their nets. The women were sitting on the little, low stone steps in front of their cottages. Not many were idle. They were knitting navy-blue jerseys for their men-folk. The needles clicked merrily as they quickly slipped in and out of the stitches.

It seemed to be a custom for the men to sing as they worked, and as we passed, a man started to sing "The Glory Song." The verse he sang alone, but the chorus was taken up by all on the quay. As long as I live I shall remember that song. The full, rich voices blended in perfect harmony. The sky was grey and clouded, the air rather oppressive, I thought. The wind was "blowing up for a gale" the old man said. Being tired after my long journey I retired early to rest.

I awakened on the Sunday morning very refreshed. The day was bright and warm, although the sky seemed overcast with grey clouds. After break-

fast I went with Harry and Mary to the cemetery. They were taking flowers to their father's grave, and I wanted to see the monument of which I had heard so much. This monument had been erected to the memory of the men who had lost their lives in attempting the rescue of the crew of the schooner "Avonmore," which had struck and foundered on the Doom-Bar.

On the way back from the cemetery I noticed a strange moaning which seemed to be carried by the wind for some distance. At dinner time it seemed louder, and I asked Mrs. Tremaine if she noticed it. "Oh yes!" she said. "That is the Spirit of the Doom-Bar moaning. It means a storm. I hope no ship rounds the headland to-day." She explained that a channel had been made from the headland to the harbour, and only ships piloted by skilful pilots who had known the coast from boyhood were allowed to pass the headland.

By four in the afternoon an almost incredible change had taken place. The wind was blowing a hurricane, the sky was shut in by clouds of a livid, steely colour that dropped in a ragged fringe clean down to the angry sea. In the bay that yesterday had been so calm and still, a huge ground-sea had risen. It swept in swamping breakers on to the cliffs, washing against their jagged sides, and flinging high terrific bursts of spray. I had gone down to the harbour, and as I passed along the quay, I noticed the anxious, weary looks on the faces of the men and women collected there. The coastguards had reported a ship lying out beyond the headland, and they were watching anxiously to see if she would keep in the channel course. These peo-

ple had watched the sea all day. The hearts of the women whose men had paid the price of the sea were filled with lonely suffering. It was on such a day as this their sons, husbands, fathers, or brothers had been drowned.

At the half-hour the bell in the church tower called the people to vesper, and I followed them into the little church. First was sung the hymn, "For those in peril on the sea." Then a prayer was offered for the safety of all on sea and land, and they were commended to the Almighty Father's care. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the boom of a distant gun. It was the signal of distress, the cry of the weak and helpless to the strong and brave. Everyone snatched their "sou'-westers," and passed quickly from the church. Down the main street they ran at the shore. Fighting their way in the teeth of the gale, over the exposed crest of the cliffs, they were soon at the "Cove," the creek where high and dry stood the lifeboat-sheds. From the crest of the cliffs we could see what had been a three-masted schooner, wallowing in the trough of the surges which every minute she shipped over her fore'sle head. She had been caught in the gale off the headlands, and been driven on to the Doom-Bar. Washed clean by every successive and broaching sea, the vessel reeled, dismasted save for the foremast.

The doors of the lifeboat sheds had been opened by the coast-guards, who stood waiting for help to run the long boats down the creek to the sea. While the women fastened the cork jackets and belts the men had slipped on, and handed them their little red stockingette caps, other eager, willing hands had run the two lifeboats, the

"Arab" and the "Arabian," down to the water's edge. Immediately, the crews got into the boats and at a sharp order given by the coxwain of the "Arabian," a grizzled old sea-dog, that sturdy boat shot out into the waves. The coxswain of the second boat was none other than our friend, George Stone. At his command the "Arab" shot after her sister boat.

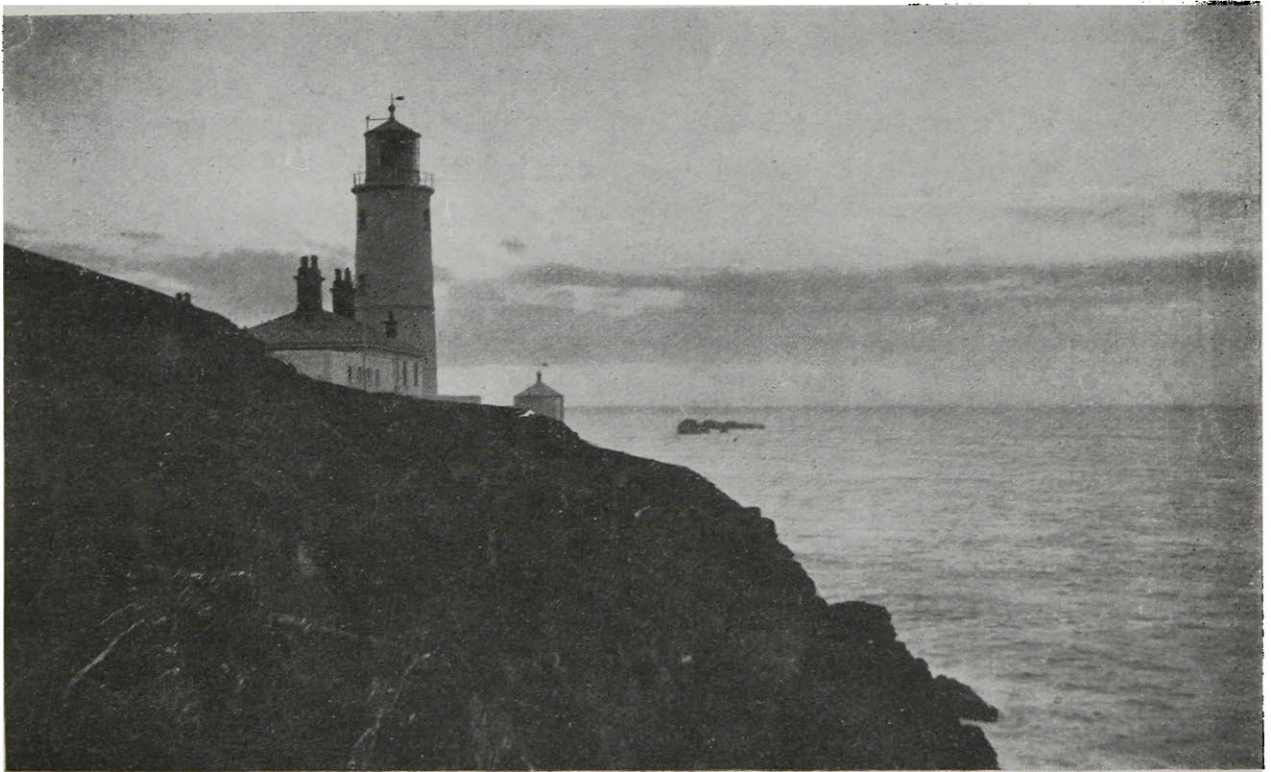
Then commenced a terrible battle between two giants,—the cruel, hard, relentless giant of the sea and the brave, fearless giant of the human heart. Each long, even stroke, called by the coxswains, drove the boats steadily farther out to sea. The wind carried the sound of the men's voices, who, as their oars cut the water, would cry, "Again!" Suddenly I heard the sound of hard, indrawn, breaths, and my own heart seemed to cease beating. The "Arab" had risen on the crest of a huge wave, and looked as though she must capsize. The next moment she dropped into the valley between the waves and was lost to sight. "She is lost," was the cry. But no! The next moment we caught a reassuring glimpse of the little red caps, and sent up a prayer of thankfulness for our own ones and those on the unfortunate ship.

The fight went on steadily for what seemed to be ages. The "Arab" was far ahead of the "Arabian." It seemed as if the crew of the "Arabian" were being overwhelmed by the force of the gale, but still they struggled on. At last the "Arab" was within ten or eleven fathoms of the wreck. To the onlookers on the coast it was clear that no boat could live in the seas breaking around the wreck, so the signal was given that the lifeboat would "stand to," and the anchor was lowered.

The doomed vessel had been driven on to the most dangerous sucking sand-bank. A thousand cross-currents rushing in all directions, met around her, and each moment added greater danger to the position of the ill-fated people on board. Through the glasses could be seen a dozen poor fellows lashed to the rigging exposed to the icy seas, which broke over them.

The signal was given that rope rockets were to be fired from the lifeboat to the schooner. The next moment,

distressed schooner. It was indeed a brave act, but must be a forlorn hope. Springing from the leeward taffrail the man plunged into the frothy jaws of the raging waters. Deeply he seemed to dive, and ere rising to the surface, he had struck out in the direction of the ship. It seemed that he could never reach her and must lose his life in the attempt, but inch by inch he fought his way through the waters with a steady trudgeon stroke, the strength of which enabled him to make



TREVOZE HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

A silent sentinel warning ships of the Doom-Bar.

with a loud report, away sped the rocket towards the wreck. The wind, with a shrieking sound, as if in mockery, caught up the rocket, and carried it away from the schooner towards the headland. Several rockets were fired, but with no better success. "Could nothing be done?" As if in answer to my unuttered question, the next moment we saw one of the "Arab's" crew quickly stripping. He was about to attempt to carry a line aboard the

headway even in the face of Nature's arrayed forces. At last he was alongside the ship, and soon was dragged on board by some of the men who had freed themselves from the rigging, carrying the end of the line he risked his life to bring. The line was tied to a stronger cord, which was swiftly dragged across the face of the waters to the lifeboat, where one end was securely fastened. One by one, passengers and crew worked their way

across this bridge through the waters to the lifeboat. As each rescued man was dragged into the boats (by this time the "Arabian" had reached the "Arab's" side) ringing cheers were given by the rescuers and the watchers on the shore. At last all hands were safely rescued, and severing the cables which held the anchors, the boats turned their bows on the homeward tack. It required another hard struggle before they reached the shore, where the comforts of the coast-guards homes awaited them. Night was settling down, but in the gathering darkness we saw the vessel, with one big heave, sink beneath the waves. The dread Doom-Bar had claimed another victim.

On the morning following I went down to the shore to see if anything remained of the ill-fated vessel. The lone fore-mast could be seen sticking out of the grey waters, but there was not another sign of the terrible happenings of the night before. Overhead, the leaden clouds were already being chased away by the sun, which had commenced to peep through, and soon the bay would be smiling as it had been two short days before. And from the wild raging scene of the night before, peace and quiet would soon reign, until once again a sudden change should occur and the waters be lashed into swirling torrents.

Cultivating a Taste for Olives

A Plea for Books and Bookmen on the Farm—By S. R. N. Hodgins, Agr. '20.

"No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men."
—*Langford.*

FOR a long time now I have been intending to write on books, particularly in their relation to farm life. But until to-night I have not dared to tackle the subject, for the simple reason that there is so much to be said on it that one doesn't know where to begin and, worse still, one doesn't know where to leave off.

Right here I want it to be understood that in making a plea for more books in the farm home I am not advocating book-farming. Far from it. If a man is bound to read books on the science of agriculture, all well and good. Let him. I am one of those chaps who can read a compendium on the proofs set

forth in support of Avogadro's Hypothesis, or leave it alone. And I think that if a man gets any pleasure out of such reading we should not feel called upon to interfere. It is a matter for him to settle with his own conscience. But at the same time I would be the last to start him on his downward path by placing a government bulletin in his way.

The books I would boost are rather books on living. And if I might bring about a greater appreciation of good books among my friends, my life would not be in vain. For I am convinced that in no other way may we reap so much enjoyment or have our lives so broadened by a small expenditure of time and money as in the purchase and absorption of a few good books.

Investing in Books.

Someone once suggested to me that

people should "cut out" moving picture shows and put the money into books. Personally, however, I am not in favor of such a means of acquiring a library. One may "cut out" a certain thing, but he rarely makes use of the money saved thereby for a definite purpose. It is like the reasoning of anti-tobacconists who are wont to astonish the cigar smoker with the information that if he were to discontinue his two ten-cent cigars a day, he would thereby increase his salary some seventy-five dollars a year, and have vast sums of money on hand for his heirs to squabble over on his demise. But he doesn't find the money on hand at the end of the year, even when he follows their advice. He simply spends that much extra on cloves or peppermints. The same argument has been advanced to me in favor of allowing one's beard to grow—you save the fifteen minutes a day now taken up in shaving, which works out to about ninety hours a year, or figured on the basis of a forty-five hour week you would be able to take two week's holidays a year on the time saved in shaving. But this is open to the same criticism. The fact remains that whiskery men take no more holidays than do the rest of us.

No, I would put the buying of books on a higher plane—a straight investment. We go out and buy a four-hundred-dollar piano for the pleasure it brings without waiting until we have saved up a sufficient number of Comfort Soap coupons to pay for it. And even as we invest in a piano I would advocate the setting aside of a certain sum for buying books. It is surprising how cheaply and how quickly a fair-sized library may be acquired by the judicious selection of books. And dollar for dollar, I believe that more en-

joyment will be gotten out of this expenditure than from any other investment on the farm.

A Balanced Ration.

I believe in reading primarily for enjoyment, but we must get a little solid stuff in as well. If we read nothing but what is easily read, we will not develop any more than would a child who is never fed anything but pie. It is interesting to note how we develop in our reading as we continue. When I was quite young I took a great interest in stories of the Little Yellow Hen and Hop O' My Thumb. As I grew older I went through the Robinson Crusoe, Fenimore Cooper, Henty and popular fiction stages. And within recent years I have developed a taste for essays which has grown out of my reading of Dickens and George Borrow in my younger years on the farm. And I must say that I am getting a tremendous amount of enjoyment out of some of these books which require a little digging before one finds the hidden treasures. I am beginning to appreciate more and more subtility in humor.

I know many people who read a tremendous number of books in a year, all popular romantic novels, and who would not read anything so "dry" or so "silly" as Dickens. And at the end of the year, I would wager that these people could not tell me the names of half a dozen of the books they had read, let alone anything about the books themselves. Now I would not decry the reading of popular novels. By all means read them if you get enjoyment out of them. I read quite a few myself when I can borrow them. But let us not confine our reading to these. Let us get variety in our reading.

What we want in reading is a balanced ration. We may regard our pop-

ular novels as roughages, and as such find a good place for them in lightening up a ration of the essay-concentrates. The man who reads nothing but dictionaries and encyclopedias will get as little from his reading as the man who reads nothing but Ford jokes. We should work for balance in our reading and give to each book the sort of attention it deserves. As Bacon has it, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."

The Companionship of Books.

There is nothing to my mind quite so companionable as a goodly shelf of well-thumbed books. I like to think of books as our silent friends. And as with friends we may converse or smoke a quiet thoughtful pipe together as the mood strikes us and still enjoy each other's company, so with books we may enjoy their presence even when we are not reading them.

And while we choose our books for what we find between the covers, yet for the sake of this factor of friendliness it helps a lot to have them agreeably bound. I do not mean expensively bound, but rather pleasing to the eye. A stiff three-quarter morocco bound book is as congenial a companion as a chap who is perpetually in evening dress. And even as our sisters may often find a shade in gingham that will show off a rosy cheek or a mop of golden curls to remarkable advantage, so also a book may achieve that friendliness in its dress, whether it be in a twenty-five cent or a three dollar edition. For example, I like the "Wayfarer's Library," in cloth better than "Everyman's," simply because the title pages of the books are more homey. And books of both these series are infinitely easier to live with than those

more expensive monstrosities we sometimes meet in buckram.

Of all the hideous things that we are likely to be confronted with in our journey through this vale of tears I think that platoons of Scott or Thackeray in buckram or fractional morocco bindings are the most horrible—those books that attain a thickness of some three inches and stand in long monotonous rows in the library like the rows of uncurtained windows in a prison house. They are good books, but frigid. And although they may impress the neighbours with the erudition of the owner (and so perhaps fulfil their task), they will not attract the true bookman.

At the same time I would not have the impression go forth that I am opposed to expensive bindings on books. It depends on the book. Some books are worthy of the most luxurious binding, while others scarcely merit the quarter yard of cloth that covers their nakedness. But in choosing a good binding for a good book we should avoid ostentation even as we would avoid garishness in choosing our furniture. As with furniture, we may offend good taste by turning our living room into a very curiosity shop of gilt chairs and French mirrors, or achieve a home with comfy chairs and harmonious hangings, so with books we may clutter up our bookshelves with a formidable array of "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature" in tooled morocco, or we may people them with those little loveable Oxford India paper green leather editions of Dickens and R.L.S. that invite you to slip them into your pocket on every holiday.

When I enter a house and see a row

of books on the shelf I know I am in safe company. When I spy among them some of the works of Dickens, Borrow, Mark Twin, David Grayson, Holbrook Jackson, Jeffrey Farnol, O. Henry or Walt Mason, I look forward to a pleas-

ant evening. And when I see the aforementioned favorites worn by constant thumbing, I put my feet on the damper and prepare to stay "till morning doth appear," for I know that we are going to have a whale of a time.

Canada's Economic Problem

By A. R. Jones, Agr. '21.

THE economic situation in Canada at the present time, while it cannot be considered critical, is nevertheless serious. The situation today is not the result of a single factor but of a number of factors, all of which are more or less inter-dependent on each other.

The High Cost of Living might be mentioned first. This affects all, rich and poor, but bears much more heavily upon those least able to support it. The cost of production is immediately affected by the cost of living, because the cost of labour is thereby greater. This tends to decrease production.

The large national debt is another factor in the economic situation. With a debt of considerably more than two hundred dollars per capita, the country must strain its resources to meet the interest which falls due annually. The last government financial statement, instead of showing a balance of revenue over expenditures, actually showed a large deficit, thereby adding to the national debt and aggravating the situation.

The large amount of paper money in circulation for which there is no gold reserve, must also be considered. This has resulted in a depreciation of the value of money, followed by a corresponding rise in price of commodities.

Lastly, there is the adverse rate of exchange, due to our large debts abroad and the depreciation of our credit. This influences directly the cost of living, and the industries of the country, particularly those manufacturing industries dependent on raw material and machinery from outside sources.

If left alone, the situation will go from bad to worse. It must be faced and solved. The solution lies with the people, and, just as there were not one but many contributory causes, so there is no single remedy, but a number of influences must be brought to bear, in order to bring things back to normal.

Increased production is the first essential. Those already producing should speed up and increase their output. Those not producing should seek, or be drafted into, some productive sphere. In this connection it might be noted that the production of the necessities of life, of those things which have a universal value, is of much greater importance and value to the country at the present time than the production of luxuries. Greater production means cheaper living. Greater production means a greater surplus, over and above home consumption, for foreign export, thus alleviating the exchange situation.

Reducing the national debt, or retiring some of the worthless paper money now in circulation, would relieve the

situation to a considerable extent by strengthening the country's financial position, and at the same time making money more valuable. To do this, increased taxation would be necessary. However, existing taxes are high, and although there is no doubt that the country could stand still heavier taxation, it is a question if this method would be a wise one. There is one means of taxation perhaps, which could be applied without danger of handicapping industry, or curtailing production, namely, a tax on land values, or unearned increment. The Government would be amply justified in applying this method of taxation at once.

Increasing exports and decreasing imports would immediately and directly affect the exchange situation. By "decreasing imports," only those imports are meant which can be and are manufactured in Canada, and such things as luxuries, which can be done without. Importations of raw materials, or of those things upon which our industries depend, are the only ones which should be encouraged. To increase exports, home consumption must be reduced as far as possible and production increased. The effect of such measures would be an instant improvement.

A factor too important to be neglected is that of immigration. If immigrants were encouraged, particularly of Britishers and the better class of Europeans, their coming to Canada would mean a great deal to the country. There are many people in Great Britain desirous of coming to Canada, who are only detained through lack of

facilities. The Government could arrange to have the necessary facilities, namely shipping, provided. Not only would the coming of these people to Canada bring money into the country, but they would increase production, and lower the per capita debt.

Lastly, there must be greater economy all round. It is of no use for the Government to urge the people to save and at the same time spend millions upon some doubtful scheme, nor for the people to criticize Government expenditures, and fail to economize themselves. The people are to blame more than the Government for reckless spending because the Government, which represents them, is bound to reduce expenditures just as soon as it is demanded by the electorate. This at least should be a recognized principle: that we pay our way as we go along. A government cannot hope to go on spending more than it receives any more than a private person, or group of persons, without speedily becoming bankrupt.

Viewing the whole situation, it would seem that the remedy lies, firstly with the people, by practising strict economy and by increasing their production, and secondly with the Government, by reducing national expenditures, by instituting further taxation, and by encouraging immigration. The people and the Government working together would soon enable Canada to occupy the enviable position of an economically strong nation. Such a Canada, backed by the natural and political advantages which she already enjoys, could lead the world in the onward march of progress.

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Editorial

IN RETROSPECT.

THE re-opening of college for the boys in September last brought back many old faces whose owners proceeded to join hands with one another, with those who had been carrying on at the college, and with the girls who were taking the courses this year, in an effort to put all activities and all forms of college life on the highest pinnacle possible. As far as the development and exhibition of

spirit goes this was attended with great success, as evidenced at all college and inter-class games, inter-class and inter-school debates and so forth. The “McGill Daily,” with a section contributed by Macdonald and widely subscribed to, proved an important factor in the development of college life. It provided an interest in the doings of our own and other colleges that is often lacking.

We have not won many college

games, but this does not mean that the athletic side was not a success. There has been much lost ground to catch up, and in every case our opponents had a hard struggle to gain the victory, and with each failure to win came the perception of the reason why and a determination so to improve that way as to be able to win next year.

Seldom, if ever, has more interest been shown in the games played; seldom, if ever, have better inter-class games of all kinds been seen and inter-class debates of such high standard been heard; seldom, if ever, has the stream of college life run so smoothly; and seldom, if ever, within our recollection, have the students enjoyed themselves more. Thus we may, so far as social and athletic activities go, chronicle this past year as a success and may it go down as such in the annals of the College. Academically, we are not qualified to speak, but we may hazard a guess that the general average standing has been higher than usual.

THE GRADUATING YEARS.

Five classes will shortly graduate from Macdonald—the Senior Year in Agriculture, the Model and Elementary classes in the School for Teachers, the Senior Year and the Homemakers in Household Science. They will carry with them the sincere good wishes of all at Macdonald for their success in life; they leave behind them a spirit of good-fellowship, an ability to do things, and lovable personalities that will be an inspiration to those in the lower classes who have had the opportunity of associating with them. Among their ranks are individuals who should make their marks high in their walks

of life and Macdonald has cause to feel proud of the sons and daughters she sends forth this year.

MACDONALD LEADS THE WAY.

If one may judge the wants or needs of the people by their conversations or the expressions of their thoughts and feelings, then the need for a change in the system of teaching Agriculture in the colleges of Canada has been in existence for some time. It is our pleasure to be able to announce that Macdonald will lead the way in an advance in Agricultural educational methods. A revision of the curriculum has been decided upon, and in future two entirely separate courses will be put on at Macdonald: one of four and a half months' duration, eminently practical and for the benefit of those who wish to improve their understanding of agricultural principles and their practice, and the four-year course leading to a degree, being more progressive than it has been, and allowing of specialization in one of the various options commencing in the third year. A detailed explanation of the new courses is given elsewhere in this issue, and we feel sure that they will fill the need.

MCGILL EXHIBITION FOR MACDONALD MODEL TEACHER.

Miss Hilda Massy-Baily, a gold medallist in the Montreal High School and a member of Model Teachers '15, at present teaching in King Edward VII School, Montreal, has received the McGill University Exhibition offered to holders of Model School diplomas. We are very proud of Miss Massy-Baily's achievement, and offer her our sincere congratulations on her success.

IS A HIGHER EDUCATION A DISADVANTAGE?

THE following are extracts from notices of positions vacant appearing in the Civil Service Commission of Canada list No. 30, dated Ottawa, April 15th, 1920:

General Foreman of Bindery: Initial salary \$2,400 per annum; maximum \$3,000. **Qualifications necessary — PRIMARY SCHOOL EDUCATION**, 10 years printing experience, 5 years of which shall have been in charge of bindery work; thorough knowledge of the operation and maintenance of bindery machines and other equipment; administrative ability.

Work: Under direction, to be responsible for a bindery plant.

Associate Archivists Initial salary \$1,800 per annum; maximum \$2,400. **Qualifications necessary: EDUCATION EQUIVALENT TO GRADUATION IN ARTS** from a recognized University, with specialization in North American and European history; experience of at least one year in the work of the Department of Public Archives; thorough command of both English and French; demonstrated aptitude for literary and historical research.

Work: Under supervision to: (The list is too long to print, but we assure the Government and our readers that he will be a bargain if he is obtained. Let us hope he has no family to keep.)

Assistant to Superintendent, Experimental Farms: Initial salary of \$1,320 per annum; maximum \$1,680. **Qualifications necessary: EQUIVALENT OF GRADUATION IN AGRICULTURE** from a recognized school, with specialization in some particular branch of Agriculture; farming experience;

supervisory ability; good physical condition; good address (all for \$110 a month).

Work: Under supervision, to look after certain work, etc.

(Initial salaries in *all* cases to be supplemented by bonuses allowed by law.)

The above excerpts speak for themselves. The two men who have probably spent eight to ten years longer than the other in obtaining their education are not to be able, even ultimately, in the scale of remuneration to rise higher than, or as high as, the initial salary of the man who may have left school at twelve years of age to work in a book bindery. Probably the foreman bookbinder will earn his money, but as the others must *also* have what is considered necessary experience, should their services not be worth as much? Or, are men and women to spend much time and money fitting themselves for the less important things in this life (judging from the salary standpoint).?

So far as we are able to judge, all three are, under supervision, to be responsible for their particular section of some work. Experience is required in all three cases, but the possessors of the much more stringent educational qualifications receive much smaller salaries. Probably there is a dearth of opulent bookbindery foremen and an over supply of hungry assistant archivists and experimental farm assistant foremen. Having spent all their money in obtaining a good education, they are now forced to take any job that offers.

Our present government is supposed to be well disposed towards a higher educational standard. They should be

prepared to set an example in the proper remuneration for services rendered when an educated man is employed, as well as assisting in the upkeep of institutions to make that education possible.

A good education is a valuable asset, but when it is acquired at a considerable cost either of time or money, or both, the owners are not willing, neither do they consider it fair, to give their services for less than those of the man who has no more ability, no more experience comparatively speaking, and far fewer educational qualifications.

Not long ago there appeared in the newspapers an account of an Edinburgh University professor who resigned his chair to accept the position of janitor in the same building because it was more remunerative. This is just an extreme example of a noticeable tendency in Canada of late for college professors and lecturers to give up their professions as such and to take positions with commercial firms, or to enter into commercial life themselves where the chances of more adequate recompense for their services and education are greater.

If the less well educated men and women of no greater ability continue to be paid more for their manual labor or routine work there will soon be a scarcity amongst both teachers and those striving for a better education. The scarcity is already being felt and it will not be relieved until the recompense is worthy of the service given.

THE STORY WRITING COMPETITION.

The story-writing competition held under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society was a decided success and in this number we print the three prize-winning stories. We extend congratulations to the winners and know you will enjoy reading their stories as much as we have.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN.

A subscription campaign was recently held which had as its objective 1,000 new subscriptions, or an average of three for each student. Of this number only some 400 were obtained, and of these about 75 per cent were obtained by about 15 students. There are some tip-top workers in our hive, but a good many drones as well. All honor and credit to those who worked for the magazine, but we are sorry all the students were not boosters as the "Mag." would have been in a much better position to carry on had they "done their bit."

GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND YOU.

To all who leave the college so soon, whether as a graduate for good, or a student for one term, whether girl or boy, may good fortune attend you. Let your Alma Mater be ever in your thoughts, inspiring you. Remember her motto: "Mastery for Service," and make it yours also. You will be the gainer by so doing.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

By so doing you will ensure your own satisfaction by the service given and you will also help the magazine by proving it is a good advertising medium.

AGRICULTURE.



The Guernsey Cow

By P. D. Bragg, Agr. '21.

THE present status of Guernsey cattle among the live stock of Eastern Canada is an anomalous one, but in comparison with that of other strictly dairy breeds their future is extremely promising. As is the case of every other class of farming, dairy-farming has its periodic cycle of under and over-production, and the present is certainly a period of serious over-production if we can rely upon the natural law of supply and demand as being operative. There is, however, a tendency on the part of some to tamper with fixed economic laws, and while allowing the wheat grower one dollar per bushel profit on his wheat, condemning the producer of dairy products to a life of penury unless he be able to make a great proportion of his living from other sources. This tampering has brought about the present tendency in Eastern Canada to reduce dairy herds.

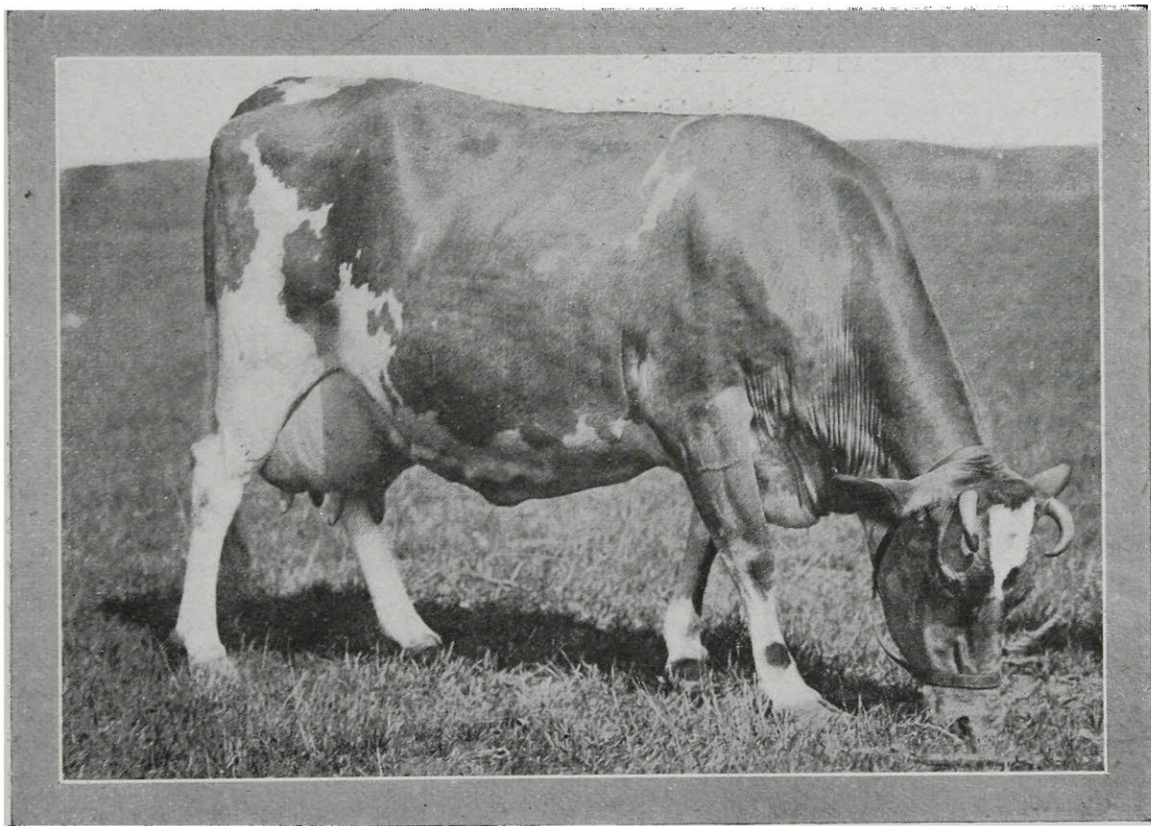
and in all marginal regions dual-purpose cattle and sheep are replacing the strictly dairy breeds of cattle.

The immediate present of the dairy industry looking rather dark, let us seek a more agreeable prospect in the future. The United Farmers' Movement, the prospect of a diminishing supply of dairy produce in the face of an ever increasing demand, the extension and betterment of shipping facilities, and the prospect of the resumption of wheat growing by Russia, promising as they do, better prices, better shipping facilities, and a cheap supply of concentrated feeds, are all good omens to the dairy farmer, so that although at present everything may look black, the backer of the specialized dairy animal need not lose heart.

At the present time the Guernsey, while rapidly becoming the most popular dairy animal in Nova Scotia, has

not as yet gained a foothold in the upper provinces. This is not through any fault of the breed, but is due to a lack of advertisement on the part of the breed association: the Guernsey's popularity in Nova Scotia being altogether based on merit, and due to the excellent results obtained by the few herds originally established in that province. This gives the Guernsey the position of a favorite in one good dairy section, while practically unknown in the balance of Eastern Canada.

framed and long, possessing as much of the extreme dairy type as the Holstein, and with that a roughness and ruggedness that detracts somewhat from her finish. This is most often noticeable in her shoulders and hindquarters. The depth, especially of hindquarters, is pronounced, and the udder and milk system are extremely developed and well balanced, with teats of good size and uniformity. The handling qualities of the Guernsey are superb, and there is present a very abundant gold-



DAIRYMAID OF PINEHURST.
A model of Guernsey type.

The characteristics of a breed of cattle which has fought a winning battle against the other dairy breeds, and this with the handicap of the disfavor of the Agricultural Department, are of interest. The typical Guernsey cow weighs about 1,100 lbs., and is of a shade of fawn with white markings. In the past there has been much tendency to breed for extreme dairy type, so that we find the Guernsey very open-

en yellow secretion which is most evident in the ears, on and around the udder, at the tip of the tail, and also evidenced in the amber color of horns and hoofs. Constitution is emphasized by Guernsey judges, and no animal showing lack of this quality is given consideration in the show ring. The breeding qualities of the Guernsey are good, and so far no close inbreeding has been done, so that the Guernsey cow

will prove an efficient tool in the hand of the master breeder. In bulls a weight of 1,600 lbs. is desirable, and great stress is laid on constitution, the placing and size of rudimentaries and the presence of the highly colored skin secretions, as well as on the important points of style and dairy conformation. The bulls of this breed are more docile than those of any other dairy breed of cattle.

The ultimate purpose of the dairy cow is to produce milk and milk products, and today we find the public willing to pay for quality. The reason for the stress laid upon the abundance of the skin secretions and their deep color is the fact that this quality is linked with the characteristic rich yellow color of Guernsey milk and its products: a color unequalled in the produce of any other dairy breed. As to test, the Jersey and Guernsey, with average tests of 5.19 per cent and 5.16 per cent butter fat, stand in a class by themselves, with the Dairy Shorthorn, their closest competitor, a full point behind. In quantity the Guernsey stands second to the Holstein, so that it is a matter of opinion as to whether the large Holstein, with her extravagant consumption of feed, or the smaller Guernsey, with her much more moderate feed bill, produces the more butter fat per year. The Holstein holds most of the year's records, it is true, but these records are made on double the consumption of concentrated feed that is used to produce the highest Guernsey records.

There has been one world's test of dairy cattle in which all dairy breeds were represented—the Pan-American Exposition. In this test carefully chosen representatives of the ten dairy breeds contested, with the result that the Guernsey stood first, not only by

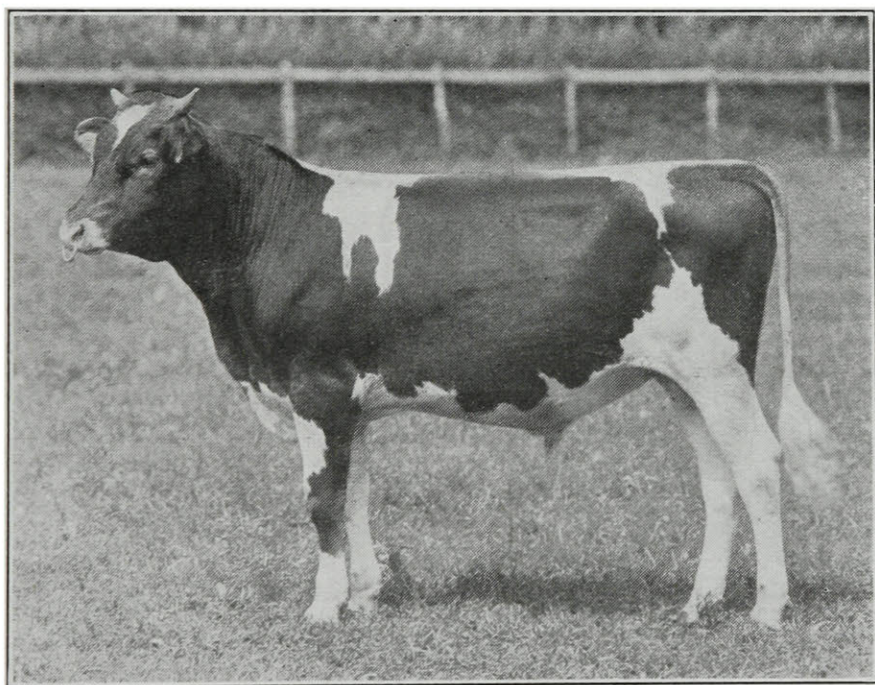
producing butter at the least cost per pound, but also by returning the most profit per dollar invested in feed. They also stood first as to quality and color of product. This test lasted over a period of six months, during which time the Guernsey cow Mary Marshall made the greatest profit of any cow in the test, and viewed from the same standpoint we find three of the five Guernseys among the best five cows of the entire fifty competing. Three mature Guernsey cows have held the world's championship over all breeds for butter fat production. In 1914 two Guernseys consecutively claimed the title. The first, May Rilma, with 1,073.41 lbs. of fat, made her record on an average of 13.82 lbs. of concentrates per day. The second, Murne Cowan, with 24,008 lbs. milk and 1,098.18 lbs. fat, holds the present Guernsey record. As the Guernsey is sometimes charged with being a slow-maturing animal, I will quote one record made a couple of months ago, disproving this charge. A yearling—Minnehaha's Papoose—in a year's test, started at 22 months of age, carrying a calf 265 days of her test, and calving during the test period, produced 678.37 lbs. of butter fat: in common with Murne Cowan, the mature champion, her highest production being during the last months of her test; these instances showing that both in maturity and in yearling forms the Guernsey is not only a copious, but also a persistent producer.

The work of the American Guernsey Cattle Club has been along the one definite line from the time of its inception. They were the first breed association to introduce the yearly test, and the only one to follow it to the exclusion of heart-breaking weekly tests, hard alike on cow and herdsman. The development this has brought about in

Guernsey cattle is seen plainly from a comparison of the first and third 1,500 advanced records made. Compared with the first 1,500 records, the third 1,500 contained twice as many over 600 lbs. of fat, twice as many between 500 and 600 lbs., and one half as many under 400 lbs., showing an astonishing advance in a period of three generations.

Even today, after years of effort to introduce purebred stock, we find the bulk of Canada's dairy cattle are grades, and from their greater ability to resist adverse conditions, and from

of from 5 to 6 per cent. The Iowa Experiment Station's herd of Grade Guernseys produced in the second generation 79 per cent more fat than did their grand-dams, and in a Wisconsin County Test, in which were a large number of entries, Guernsey grades were the holders of the first four places on the basis of net profit, and the first two places for total production, both with large margins. Several long-time records have been made by Grade Guernseys, among which are a 5-year record of 604 lbs. of fat per year, an



CLARA'S PATIENT KING.

the fact that the bulk of the farmers are not in a position to handle purebred stock, this will remain so, and this is for the best. The ultimate test, therefore, of a breed of cattle is their prepotency when crossed on low grade stock. Geneticists have found that quality of milk is governed to a greater extent through the sire than through the dam, coming to a considerable extent through the sire's dam. Granting this point, we instantly see the value of a Guernsey sire from a dam with a test

11-year average of 467.7 lbs. fat. These tests prove conclusively the prepotency of the Guernsey sire in transmitting to his daughters not only the ability to give large returns, but to keep up a high rate of production year after year.

From the Guernsey's economical production, as evidenced from the Pan-American and other tests not mentioned in this short article, from her large total production, from the field she offers to the constructive breeder as a rough animal needing finish, and as a

source of sires for grading work, she is justly popular in Nova Scotia and the Eastern United States, and in those sections is advancing more rapidly in public favor every day. Small herds

are being founded in Ontario and Quebec, and it is only a matter of time when the Guernsey cow will enjoy the same popularity in these provinces that she has already gained farther east.

The Frederick John Longworth Memorial Prize



FREDERICK JOHN LONGWORTH.

The above is a picture, taken in his uniform, of Frederick John Longworth, Lieut., C.F.A., who died of wounds on Nov. 10th, 1918, a few hours before the signing of the armistice. Fred Longworth, who hailed from Charlottetown, P.E.I., entered Macdonald in the Fall of 1913, with Class '17, and was one of the best-liked fel-

lows in the class, and a gentleman always. When war broke out he early felt the call to duty, and in the summer of 1915 joined the 136th Field Battery, with which he served until the time of his death.

His mother, Mrs. Louise C. Longworth, who lives in Montreal, in memory of her son, has donated a prize of fifty dollars to be given annually to the student obtaining the highest rank in the Second Year School of Agriculture, and who proceeds with the Third Year work the following session. This prize is to be available during the Third Year, and it is open to all students of the Second Year.

Two students—A. W. Peterson and C. J. Watson, both of Class '21,—were eligible for the prize this past year, and it was divided between them.

It is well for Macdonald to have a reminder of Frederick John Longworth in the form of this prize, and if the future winners will but read and learn of him who was the cause of their benefaction, they will receive inspiration to live a good and useful life.



Sanitation on the Farm

We've bathed the bossies tootsies,
We've cleaned the rooster's ears,
We've trimmed the turkey's wattles,
With antiseptic shears.

With talcum all the guinea hens
Are beautiful and bright,
And Dobbin's wreath of glistening
teeth,
We've burnished snowy white.

With pungent sachet powder,
We've glorified the dog,
And when we have the leisure,
We'll manieure the hog.

We've done all in our power
To have a barn "de luxe,"
We've souced the sheep in Kresio Dip,
We've sterilized the ducks.

The little chicks are always fed
On sanitary worms,
The calves and colts are always boiled,
To keep them free from germs.

And thoroughly to carry out,
Our prophylactic plan,
Next week with germicidal soap,
We'll wash the hired man.

—Exchange.

Planning the Home Garden

W. J. Taues, Lecturer in Horticulture.

THE advantages of home gardening have been clearly demonstrated in the years just past. Every Canadian home should, where possible, have a garden to provide a continuous supply of fresh vegetables for the table. The actual cost of seed, fertilizer and tools is more than repaid by the health and pleasure derived in the work, not to mention the high value of crisp, fresh produce obtainable at a minute's notice. Home gardens also utilize space which otherwise would in many cases be weed patches, and therefore improve the home surroundings. They also create a greater appreciation of better town planning, which improves the conditions of the whole community, and they are a national asset to every country.

The proposed garden should be carefully planned on paper before you order your supply of seed. It should be

drawn to scale, and space left in which to enter the amounts of seed bought and the cost of the supplies. This data is very valuable the following year for reference in correcting the previous year's mistakes. It enables you to purchase just the right amount of seed early in the year before the seedsman's selection has been sold.

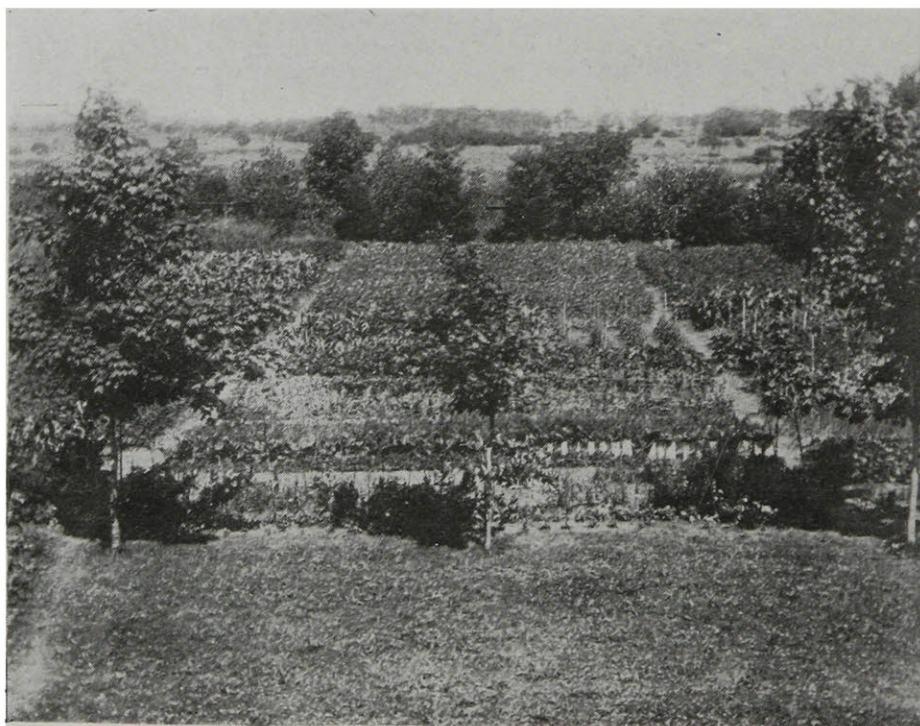
Definite plans each year enable you to plant the various crops on a different section of the garden the following year, which is most important in controlling insects and disease. Then also some crops grow to greater depths than others, and by rotating the crops all the plant food applied becomes available. It also saves labor by keeping down the weeds, as crops that can be hoed throughout the season enable you to destroy the weeds which had an opportunity to grow the pre-

vious year in crops such as tomatoes or vines.

The greatest advantage of planning the garden after all is the saving in seed and supplies. Good seed is cheaper than ordinary packets purchased in a grocery store, even if the price is much higher; because poor seed will never equal the results obtained from the better seed, even if the same work and attention is given to its culture. You save money by buying just the amount of seed and fertilizer to be

just supply what you can use each week in the season. Often companion crops can be grown, such as lettuce and radishes, between the rows of later maturing crops like cabbage or cauliflower, and the space saved used for other crops. Then a succession of crops enables you to have first an early crop like lettuce or spinach, and these are used before the later crop of cabbage or celery should be planted.

We need vegetables for our winter diet even more than we do in the



PRIZE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Garden of Mr. R. Charles, which received the first prize in the Horticultural Society Competition in 1919 at St. Anne's.

used. It does not pay to buy a pound when one ounce will do. Then the size of the garden also determines the crops to be grown, as it is not advisable to grow late potatoes or sweet corn in a small plot, when they can be purchased cheaper and the space used for other crops.

Study your plans and arrange your crops by making several sowings to produce a continuous supply throughout the season. The garden should

summer. The surplus from the garden can be dried, canned or stored. The garden planting should be planned to supply mature, but not over-grown, vegetables for storage in the cellar. Vegetables such as cabbage and beets can be planted in June and mature in time for storage. Slightly immature produce keeps better as it continues to slowly develop in the storage.

Then consider the location of the various crops. The tall growing crops

such as tomatoes and corn should be placed on the north or northwest side, where they secure the greatest amount of sunshine and do not shade the low-growing crops of beans, beets and carrots. If you have to place some in the shade use the plants grown for their leaves, such as cabbage, lettuce, swiss chard, etc. These will secure sufficient sunshine early in the morning to reach maturity, while the warm sea-

cases the promising plot becomes a patch of weeds. A small wheel cultivator saves many hours of hand hoeing and enables you to cover the ground much oftener than is possible where the work is all done by hand. If you use a wheel hoe, plan the rows to run the long way; but when the work is done by hand it is much easier to do if the rows are run the short way.



Mr. Charles at work in his garden.
He had only two years' experience previous to winning the society's cup.

son crops, such as tomatoes and vines, will receive the sunshine the greatest part of each day.

Do not plan a larger garden than you have time to work, as later in the season the weather becomes very warm and often the over-enthusiastic gardener finds the weeds grow faster than they can be destroyed, and in many

The following planting table will give the reader a clearer understanding of the amount of seed or plants required and the time to start them. It also indicates the distance between the rows and the depth to plant them. Then the approximate time they require to reach maturity:

PLANTING TABLE

Kind of Vegetable.	Seeds or Plants required for 100 ft. row.	Distance between rows.	Plants thinned or set in rows.	Depth to plant seed.	Time of planting in open ground.	Ready to use after seed season.
Asparagus	60—80 plants.	3—4 ft.	18 in.	4—6 ins.	Early Spring.	2—3 years.
Beans (bush.)	1 pint.	18—24 ins.	4—6 in.	½—2 ins.	May, June	50—65 days.
Beets	1 oz.	12—18 ins.	2—3 in.	½—1 in.	May, June	60—80 days.
Cabbage (early)	50 plants.	24 ins.	18 ins.	½ in.	May: seed started in hotbed March 15.	90—130 days.
Cabbage (late)	¼ oz., 40 plants.	30 ins.	24 ins.	½ in.	June 15—July 1: Seed started May 15.	120—150 days.
Carrot	1 oz.	12—18 ins.	1—2 ins.	½ in.	May, June.	75—110 days.
Cauliflower.	40—50 plants.	24—30 ins.	18—24 ins.	½ in.	Same as cabbage	100—130 days.
Celery.	200 plants.	30—36 ins.	6 ins.		May, June: Seed started in hotbed March-April.	120—150 days.
Corn (sweet).	½ pint.	3 ft. in hills. 4 ft. in rows.	3' hills. 15" rows.	1—2 ins.	May, June.	75—100 days.
Cucumbers.	1 packet.	4 ft.	3 ft.	1 in.	May 25—June.	60—80 days.
Egg Plants	1 packet.	24—30 ins.	18 ins.	½ in.	May 25—June. Hotbed Mar- 15—April 1.	100—140 days.
Lettuce	½ oz.	Leaf 12—18 ins. Head 15—20 ins.	6 ins. 8—10 ins.	½ in.	May. June—August 15.	60—90 days
Melon (Musk)	1 packet.	Hills 4—6 ft. Rows 6—8 ft.	4—6 ft. 12—18 ins.	1 in.	June. Started in hotbed April 15—May 1.	120—150 days.
Onion (seed)	½ oz.	12—18 ins.	2 ins.	½ in.	May 1.	130—150 days.
Onion (sets)	1 quart.	12—18 ins.	1 in.	1 in.	May.	90—100 days.
Onions (transp.)	½ oz., 400 plants.	12—18 ins.	3 ins.	½ in.	Started in hotbed in March.	130—150 days.
Onion (Egyptian Per).	1 qt. sets.	18—24 ins.	1 in.	3 in.	September.	Early Spring.
Parsley.	1 packet.	12 ins.	2 ins.	⅛ in.	May.	90—120 days.
Parsnip	½ oz.	12—18 ins.	3—4 ins.	½ in.	May.	125—160 days.
Peas	½ pint.	18—24 ins.	2 ins.	2 in.	May—June.	60—80 days.
Pepper	1 packet.	18—24 ins.	18 ins.	½ in.	June. Started in hotbed Mar. 15.	100—140 days.
Potato (Irish)	5 lbs.	26—30 ins.	12—15 in.	2—4 ins.	May.	80—140 days.
Pumpkin	1 packet.	Rows 6—8 ft.	Hills 6 ft.	1—1½ ins.	June.	100—140 days
Radish	1 oz.	12 ins.	1 in.	½ in.	May, June, August.	20—40 days.
Rhubarb	33 plants.	3 ft.	3 ft.		Early Spring.	1—3 years.
Salsify	1 oz.	12—18 ins.	2 ins.	½ in.	May.	120—180 days.
Squash (Summer)	1 packet.	Hills 3—4 ft.	Hills 3-4 ft.	1—1½ ins.	May and June.	60—80 days.
Squash (Winter)	1 packet.	6—8 ft.	Hills 6 ft.	1—1½ ins.	May and June.	120—160 days.
Spinach	1 oz.	12—18 ins.	4—6 ins.	½ in.	May and August.	40—60 days.
Swiss Chard	1—2 oz.	12—18 ins.	8—10 ins.	½—1 in.	May.	60—80 days.
Tomato	33—40 plants.	4 ft. 1 stem 30 ins.	3 ft. 18 ins.	¼ in.	May and June: Started in hotbed Mar. 15—April 1.	140 days.
Turnip	½ oz.	18 ins.	2—4 ins.	½ in.	May, June, July.	60—80 days.

Feeding Chicks

By M. A. JULL.

THE most economical growth in chicks is induced by maintaining an even temperature throughout the brooding period, keeping the chicks' quarters in a strictly sanitary condition at all times, providing plenty of room and by using proper methods of feeding.

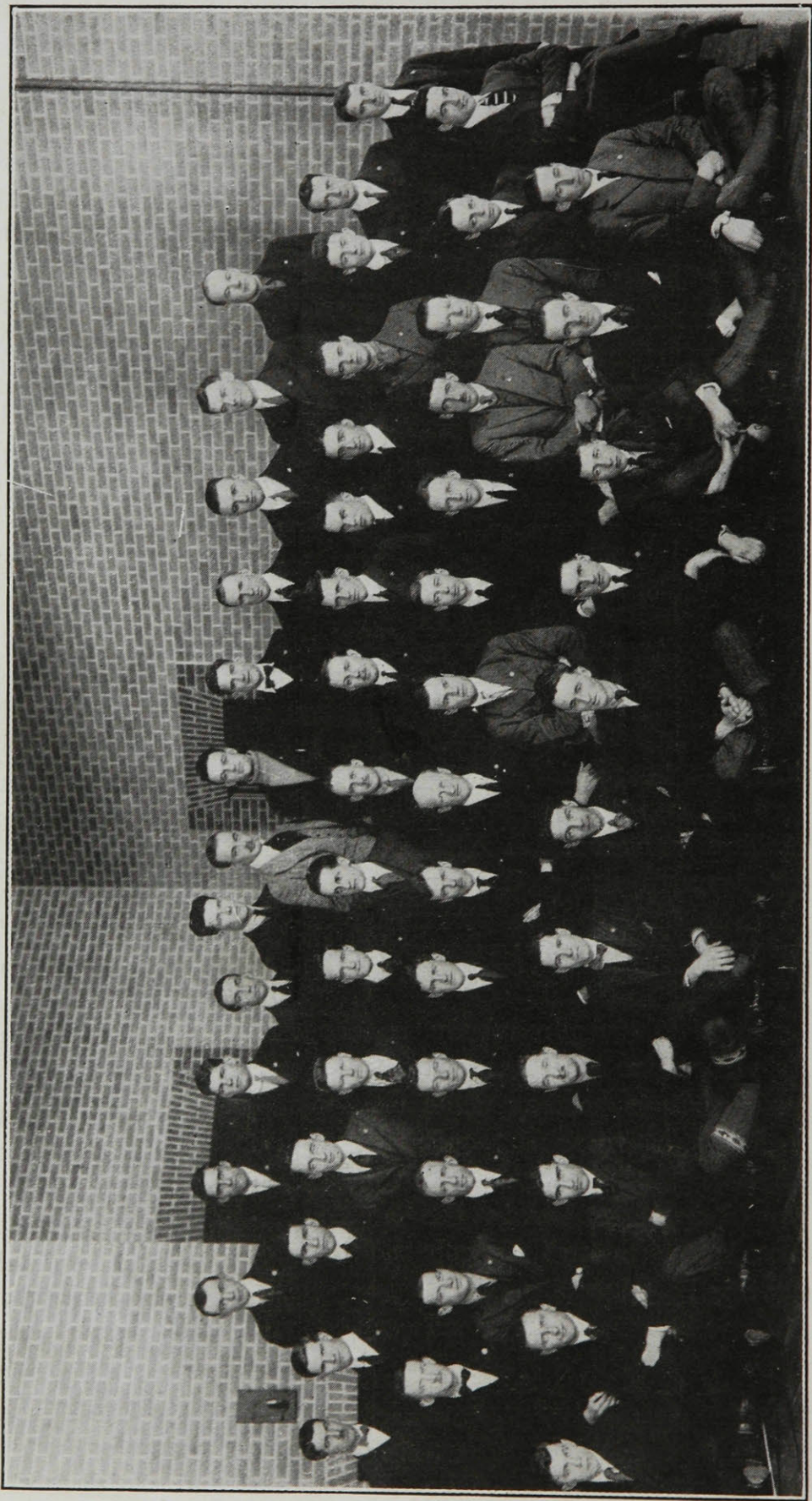
The essential feature in feeding chicks is to feed them frequently, but only a small quantity each time, always bearing in mind that it is absolutely imperative that they be not allowed to overeat. They will do best if for the first two weeks they are kept very hungry, feeding them five times daily, and while variety is necessary, it is well to have the rations as simple as possible.

Chicks should not be fed until they are about thirty-six hours old, because indigestion and bowel trouble often result from feeding too soon. A little grit or finely-ground oyster shell, clean water and sour milk should be given first. Water and shell should be provided *ad libitum*. If sour milk can be obtained, it should be given regularly, for it keeps the digestive tract in good condition, does much to combat white diarrhoea, and is a valuable food. Green food is also very valuable, and should be provided every day in the form of sprouted oats, pulped mangels or lettuce, especially when the chicks are young or are confined in small runs.

The grain ration consists of ground or finely-cracked grains fed in such a way as to provide variety and to make the chicks take plenty of exercise. It is well to start the chicks on a dry mash, made up of four parts bran,

four parts sifted crushed oats, two parts cornmeal, one part beef scraps, one part charcoal and one part chick-grit; all these parts are by weight, and the materials are mixed thoroughly. The mash is scattered on boards in the morning, at noon and in the evening, the boards being removed in about thirty minutes. When the chicks are about one week old, V-shaped troughs should be used in place of the boards. In the middle of the morning and in the middle of the afternoon oatmeal is fed in the same manner as the dry mash. Thus the chicks are fed five times daily, and this method is continued until they are about two weeks old, when a change is made. Scratch grain, composed of finely-cracked wheat and corn is then fed in the litter three times daily in the place of the dry mash feedings and the mash feedings are fed in the place of the oatmeal, the mash being fed slightly moistened with water, or better still, with sour milk. The chicks are still being fed five times daily, and this method is continued throughout the growing season, except that as the chicks get older the scratch grain consists of coarsely cracked wheat and corn. Also, after the chicks are three or four weeks old a self-feeding hopper containing the dry mash mixture may be kept before them all the time. The scratch grains should always be fed in the litter, this being the best way to compel the chicks to take plenty of exercise.

Chicks grow rapidly, and require to be fed well and the method of feeding outlined above is not only simple, but has given satisfactory results in promoting economical growth.



EX-SERVICE MEN AT MACDONALD.



Our Graduating Year

Men of Agriculture '20! Soon for you, Macdonald student days will be over and you will be going out to take your places in some of the many positions in which Canada needs you.

You must needs be proud of your Alma Mater, and so act that your Alma Mater will be proud of you. We who remain have no fear for you.

One's surroundings mean a lot in life, and at Macdonald you have had the best, but the individual character—the resulting development due to external influences and internal forces—is what counts.

You leave with men in your ranks who have been outstanding in various ways above other men in the college, men who have commanded the respect of their fellow-students and who have been as sign-posts pointing the way in which most may be got out of college life—by good-fellowship, by willingness to help others, and by ability to be courageous for the right. You have had the advantage of having amongst your numbers several of the best men of various years who had dropped out for a time, and the way in which you worked together, the united front which you showed in all contests, the good sportsmanship which you exhibited on all occasions, have won you the respect of all.

You leave us as a heritage an example which we shall try to emulate. We give you God-speed and Good Fortune, and the reminder that your life-work is still to come. College has been the preparation: the years to come are to be the test.



S. R. N. HODGINS (Sam Ray).

*He is great who is what he is from Nature,
and who never reminds us of others.*

Shawville, P.Q. Shawville Academy, Albert College, Calgary Collegiate Institute.

Originally Class '17. Winner of the Governor-General's medal and Leader of College Bum Band in Sophomore year. In Junior Year President of Class, Secretary of Students' Council and Representative on McGill Annual Board. Editor of M.C. Magazine 1916. Associate Editor "Farm and Dairy, 1916-17. Royal Air Force, 1918.

Re-entered with Class '20 for Senior Year. Advisor to Magazine Executive, 1919. President of Class. International Stock Judging Team, Chicago, 1919. Class Hockey, M.C. Canadian Club. Inter-class Debater. President of Students' Council.

Animal Husbandry Option.



EARLE C. HATCH.

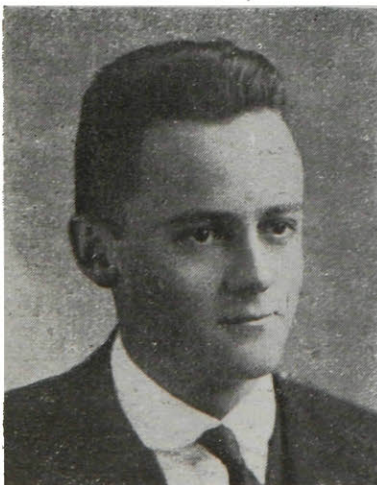
He is an eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.

Oromocto, N.B. Primary education Oromocto, N.B.

Entered Macdonald College with Class '17. Class Literary Society 1914-15. Y.M.C.A. Executive 1915-16. College Basketball, Second Team, 1915-16. Enlisted May, 1916; served overseas with McGill Siege Battery until May, 1918, then transferred to R.A.F.

Re-entered with Class '20 for Senior Year. Y.M.C.A. Executive, 1919-20, President M.C. Canadian Club. College Basketball Team, 1920. Inter-class Debater.

Horticultural Option.



A. J. BUCKLAND (Buck).

"Take my word for it, it is no laughing matter."

Barnston, Quebec. Coaticook High School.

Entered College 1914. Enlisted with McGill Battery, 1917. Winter and Spring of 1919, special course at Edinburgh University. 1915-16-17, College Hockey Team. 1917, Member Y.M.C.A. Executive. 1916-17-20, Inter-class Debater. 1919-20, President College Literary Society.

Animal Husbandry Option.

R. A. DERICK (Russ.)

*"If a man is worth knowing at all, he is
worth knowing well."*

Clarenceville, Quebec. Clarenceville Model School.
Entered Macdonald 1914. 1918. Class President and
Treasurer of Students' Council. Junior Year with
Class '19. Editor, College Magazine 1918-19.
Cereal Husbandry Option.



WILLIAM D. HAY (Bill).

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."*

Lachute, Que. Lachute Academy.
Entered M.A.C. with Class '17. Went overseas with
No. 7 Siege Battery in 1916. Re-entered Macdonald
in fall of 1918 with Class '20. Secretary Athletic As-
sociation, 1915. College Soccer and Baseball Teams,
1919-20. Magazine Board, 1918-20.
Cereal Husbandry Option.



WALTER N. JONES.

"A society man will be always be."

Toronto, Ont. Westmount Academy, Westmount,
P.Q.

Entered Macdonald with Class '18. Enlisted Feb-
ruary, 1917. Special Course Edinburgh University.
1919. Re-entered M.A.C., 1919. College Soccer Team,
1915. Vice-President, Class '18, 1916-17. College
Hockey Team, 1916. Secretary Y.M.C.A., 1915-16.
Vice-President Y.M.C.A., 1916-17. Inter-class Debater,
1920.

Animal Husbandry Option.





W. ELMO ASHTON.

"We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order."

Waterloo, P.Q. Waterloo Academy. Montreal Business College.

Entered Macdonald with Class '19. Class Secretary in Sophomore Year. Joined R.A.F., 1918. Re-entered M.A.C. December, 1918, with Class '20. College Basketball Team, 1918-19. International Stock Judging Team (Chicago, 1919.

Animal Husbandry Option.



ANGUS L. HAY.

"The first step to greatness is to be honest."

Lachute, P.Q. Lachute Academy.

College Basketball Team, 1917-18. Inter-class Debater, 1917. Capt. College Basketball Team, 1918-19. President of Junior Year. President of Students' Council, 1918-19. Vice-President of Senior Year. Adv. Manager of Magazine, 1919. International Stock Judging Team, Chicago, 1919.

Animal Husbandry Option.



LESLIE G. SAUNDERS.

"A wise man tells not what he knows."

London, Eng. Private school, Hampstead, London. Highgate Grammar School.

Came to Canada in Autumn, 1912.

Entered N.S.A.C., Truro, with Class '14. N.S. Dept. of Entomology, 1914-18. Enlisted with No. 10 Siege Battery, 1918. Entered M.A.C. January, 1919 for last two years with Class '20. President Y.M.C.A., 1919-20. President Biology Club, 1920.

Selective Option.

ALBERT E. MATTHEWS (Bert).

*"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts
of his fellow students."*

St. John's, Newfoundland. St. John's Academy.
Entered with Class '14. Enlisted August, 1914, 2nd
Battalion, 1917 transferring to McGill Siege Battery.
Re-entered College 1918. College Soccer Team, 1912.
Secretary Class Literary Society and Inter-class De-
bater, 1918. President House Committee, 1919.
Cereal Husbandry Option.



JOHN N. WELSH (Jack).

*"Avoid greatness; in a cottage there may be
more real happiness than kings or their fav-
orites enjoy."*

Ottawa, Ontario. St. Patrick's School, Ottawa, and
Ottawa University.
Entered Macdonald 1915. College Hockey Team,
1916-17-18-19. College Baseball Team, 1916-17-18-19.
President, Athletic Society, 1919.
General Option.



W. A. MAW.

"Variety is the mother of enjoyment."

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. Curtis High School, Chicago,
U.S.A.
1918, Business Manager College Magazine. Inter-
class Debater.
Poultry Selective.





S. G. SKINNER (Sam).

*"A flower cannot bloom without sunshine and
a man cannot live without fussing."*

Yarker, Ont. Macdonald College Academy.

Entered M.A.C. with Class '17. Enlisted December, 1917. Re-entered College in September, 1919, with Class '20. First Individual Cup for Field Sports, 1915; Second individual cup for Field Sports, 1913. College basketball team, 1916-20. College Hockey Team, 1914-15. College Soccer Team, 1915. Treasurer Athletic Association, 1919.

Horticultural Option.



J. EARLE NESS.

"Go West! Young man, go West!"

Howick, P.Q. Howick Model School. President Freshman Year. 1916-17 College Hockey Team. 1918 College Basketball Team. 1920, College Baseball Team. 1916-17-18-19, Athletic Executive. International Stock Judging Team, Chicago, 1919.

Animal Husbandry Option.



CLYDE F. PETERSON (Pete).

*"He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse,
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks, committeemen or trustees."*

Truro, N.S. Searles High School, Great Barrington, Mass., U.S.A.

Associate Diploma from N.S.A.C., Truro, 1913. Entered Junior Year, Macdonald, 1914. Enlisted March, 1915, with C.A.M.C.; later Machine Gun Corps and R.A.F. Re-entered Macdonald, 1919. Vice-President Class Lit.

Animal Husbandry Option.

WILFRED G. DUNSMORE.

"Generosity is the flower of justice."

Huntingdon, P.Q. Huntingdon Academy.
Originally Class '17. College Basketball and Baseball Teams, 1915-16. Enlisted May, 1916. McGill Siege Battery, later transferred to R.A.F. Re-entered Macdonald, 1919. Captain College Baseball Team, 1919-20. International Stock Judging Team, Chicago, 1919.

Animal Husbandry Option.



A. H. W. BIRCH (B.).

*"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."*

Great Yarmouth, England. Montreal High School.
President Class Literary Society, 1916-17. President House Committee, 1918. Class Secretary-Treasurer, 1918-19.

Selective Option.



W. J. REID (Bill).

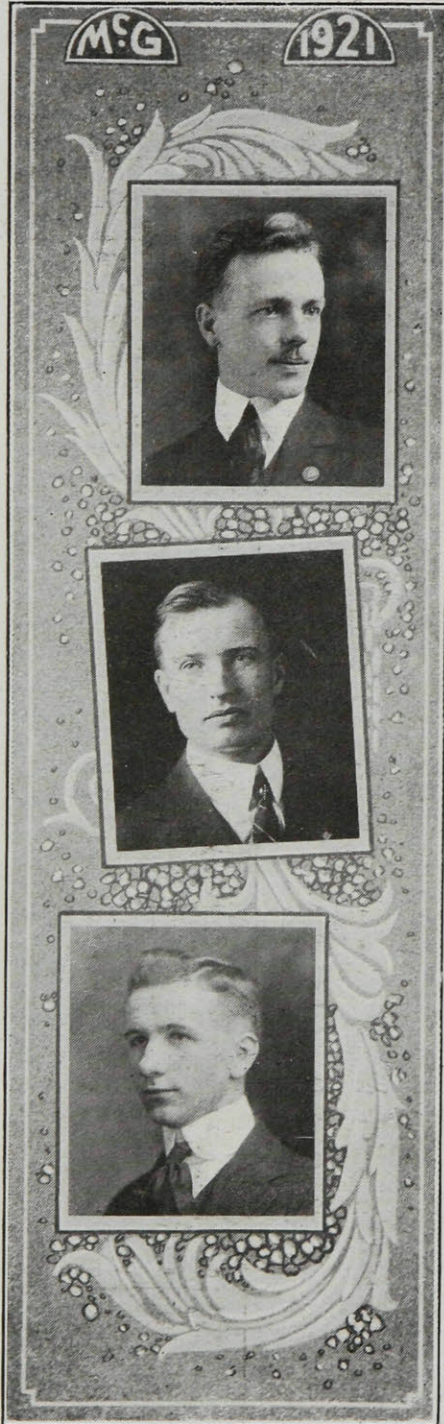
"Wisely and slow; they stumble who run fast."

Chateauguay Basin, Que. Chateauguay Model School.
Montreal High School. Entered Macdonald with Class '17. Enlisted March, 1917. Re-entered College 1920. Class Hockey and Soccer Teams. Magazine Board. College Rugby, 1914-15. Class Lit., 1916.

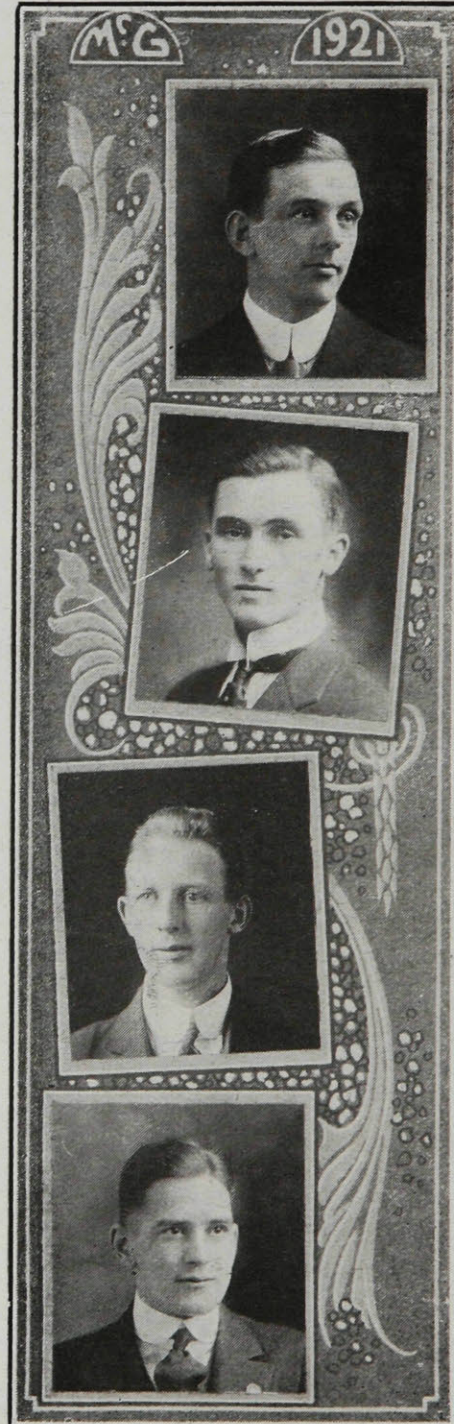
Horticultural Option.



Agriculture '21

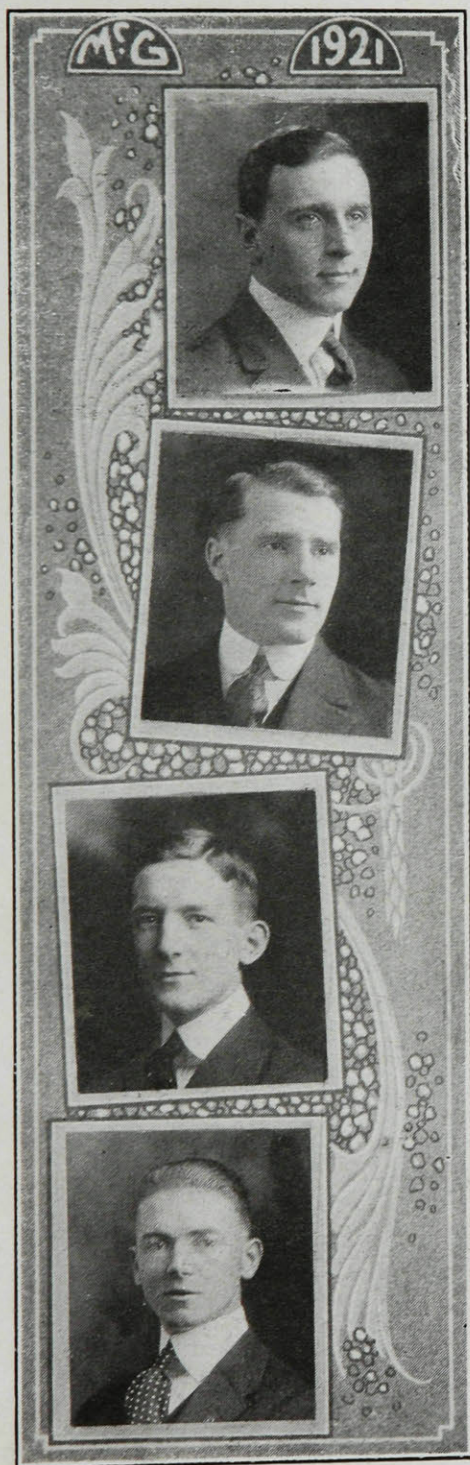


W. C. R. BRADFORD.
P. D. BRAGG.
O. C. BROCK.



J. G. BROWN.
J. S. BUCHANAN.
H. A. BUTLER.
F. B. CHAUVIN.

Agriculture '21

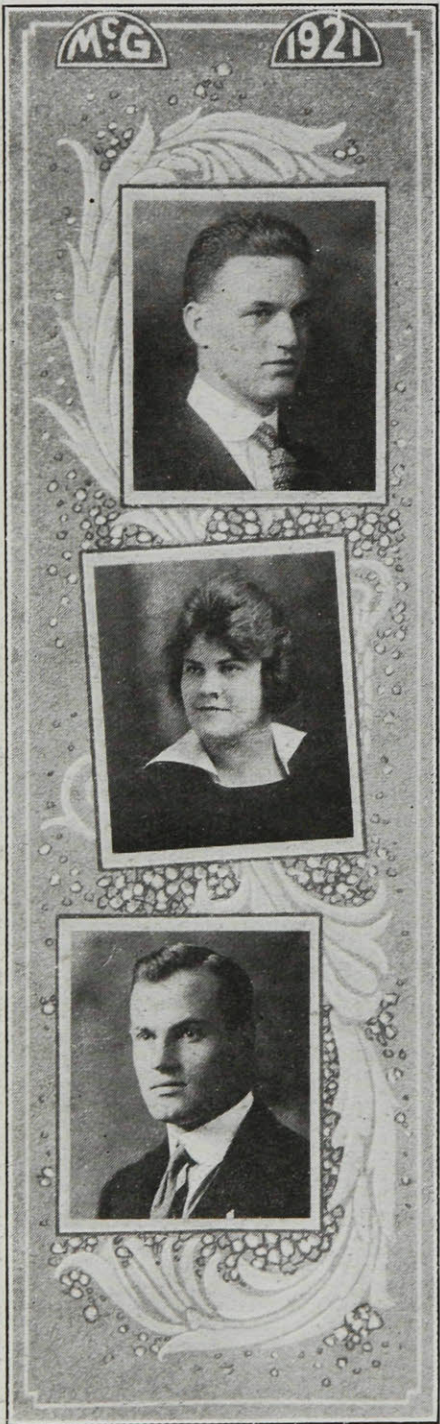


P. M. DALY.
S. M. DENISON.
F. W. DOGHERTY.
S. J. HETHERINGTON.

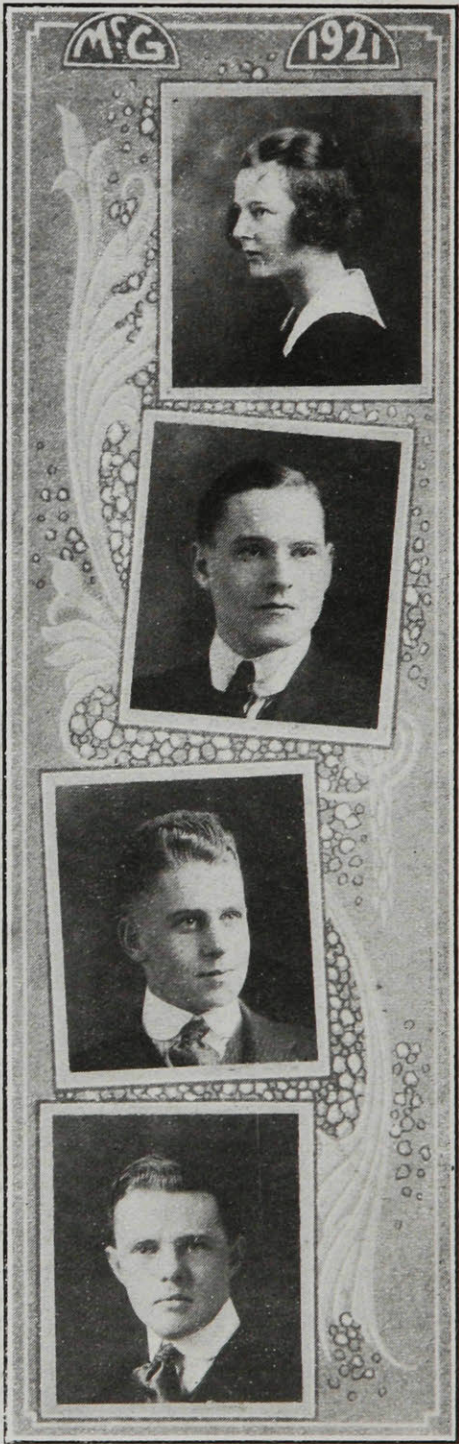


J. F. HOCKEY.
A. R. JONES (President).
D. M. LAURIE.
T. G. MAJOR.

Agriculture '21



G. D. MATTHEWS.
P. McCLINTOCK.
A. R. MILNE,



D. E. NEWTON.
A. C. NORCROSS.
M. B. PAIGE.
J. O. PARKER.

Agriculture '21



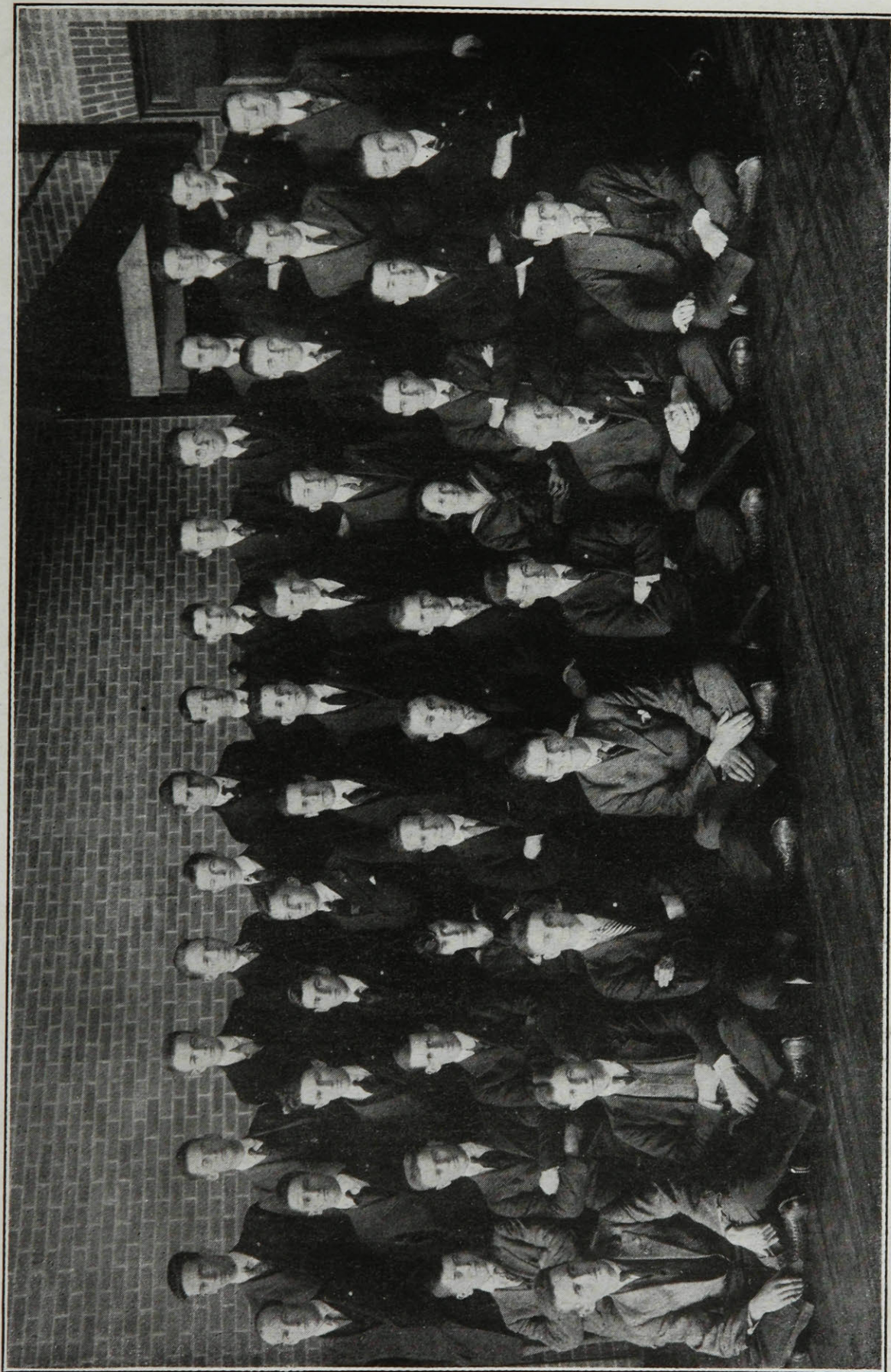
W. T. PERRY.
A. W. PETERSON.
J. K. RICHARDSON.
P. D. ROSS-ROSS.



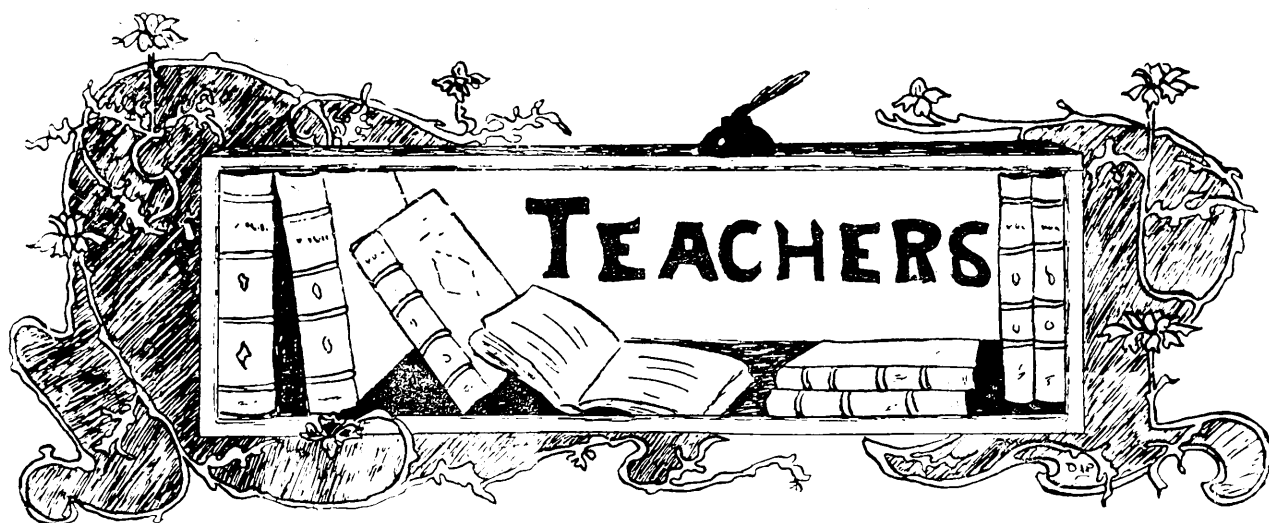
J. W. SCANNEL.
P. M. SIMMONDS.
J. B. SMITH.
C. J. WATSON.



AGRICULTURE, '22.



AGRICULTURE '23.



The Value of the Kindergarten

THE majority of people consider the kindergarten a place of aimless amusement, where the child does practically as he wishes without gaining any educational value. Few people realize the immense importance kindergarten has in the education of a child. It is the foundation of all later education. Upon this foundation all the subjects of the advanced grades are based.

When a child first comes into the kindergarten his movements are random and aimless; he is awkward in the use of his fingers and in all his movements. He sees new objects about him and gradually is able to connect them with the objects he has already seen. Steadily each day, he is unconsciously learning new facts. He must be trained to use his senses for gaining knowledge and to direct his attention to one thing at a time, to weigh evidence carefully and to connect one fact with another.

The child is given finger plays and handwork to help him to gain con-

trol over the muscles of his fingers, and through the playful use of materials, such as blocks, sticks, tablets, rings, etc., his powers of observation and thought are stimulated and lead him to classify objects and to express himself. He arranges all these ideas in his mind and connects them with those ideas previously gained. In his plays, he steadily learns by experiments to distinguish the different objects around him. As we watch the child each day, he becomes less awkward in his manner and able to express himself more freely—in other words, he is advancing in education.

All the capabilities in a man are potential in the child, so we awaken this potential power by giving the child a means of activity. Play is the method of developing this power—it is a natural spontaneous activity, and is one of the most prominent instincts of the child. It is upon this play instinct that the kindergarten is based—all the child's ideas and knowledge are thus gained. This, probably, accounts for

the thoroughly mistaken idea that some people have regarding play in connection with the kindergarten. Could they but know the actual value there is in every item of the kindergarten programme, they would change their ideas. In the morning talks, the child is encouraged to express his ideas, and through conversation with the teacher and the other children, he is given the rudiments of history, geography, nature study, and scripture in such a way as to appeal to his imagination and interest. In marching and rhythms, he gains control over the muscles of his body, acquires a sense of rhythm, alertness, quickness of movement, and is given an outlet for his energy. These,

with the songs, develop the musical sense. Through the use of the gifts and handwork, ideas of colour, form, number, direction, texture and weight are gained. Games, are intended to develop through experience in the little child, the beginning of social and spiritual ideals. He overcomes his timidity and self-consciousness for the sake of others, and begins to understand what participation means, and obedience, for the sake of general helpfulness.

Thus, by adapting our programme to the child's needs, he has gained an all-round development and has received a solid foundation for his future education.—M.G.C., H.G.B.



SPRING ELEMENTARY CLASS

Seeing is Believing

By L. G. Brooks, T. '20.

TEACHERS have often thought how hard it is to teach a lesson upon a subject which they must take for granted as being true, especially history, and they wonder how it is they have such a hard time to make pupils realize the great importance in studying history. The fact is, they do not know enough about the subject themselves, and there is no greater way to learn history than by seeing the actual places. Unfortunately, we are not always able to see these places of interest; but the subject I wish to put before you is the "Tower of London," which I have seen, visited and concerning which I have asked hundreds of questions.

The tower is the most ancient, and historically the most interesting, pile in the English metropolis: a mass of buildings on the north side of the Thames, immediately to the east of the ancient city walls, its ramparts and gates surrounded by a dry ditch—called the moat—in pentagonal shape; in outer circuit it measures 1,050 yards. Within this the whole of the buildings are encircled by a double line of walls and bulwarks, in some places forty feet high and twelve feet thick; the space between the walls being known as the outer ward, and the interior as the inner ward. The latter is defended by twelve massive and conspicuous towers, stationed at equal distances, and possessing distinctive names and formations. To my mind, I think the most interesting of the twelve towers is the one called, "The Bloody Tower," which you will see deserves its name as I describe it. Near the

entrance to this tower is a very large gate overhanging the moat—called "Traitor's Gate." It was through this gate that all criminals were brought to the Bloody Tower to be executed. At the entrance was another gate called a "Portcullis." This is a strong defensive framework of timber, hung in grooves within the chief gateway of the fortress. It is still in working order. Just inside of the tower is a winding stair, of which we will hear a little later.

Edward V succeeded his father at the age of thirteen, and became king, but he, and his little brother, fell into the hands of the Duke of Gloucester. They were sent to the Bloody Tower and put in a room just at the top of the stairway, and afterwards smothered by hired ruffians. Their remains were buried under the staircase, and ninety years later their skeletons were found and buried at the entrance of the Arsenal. It was also in this tower that a great number of famous men were executed.

Again, let us turn to a large building, rearing its head proudly above the other buildings. Its walls are fifteen feet thick at the base, and taper upwards to a height of ninety feet. On the roof of this building were stationed cannons, which kept control of the river Thames. This building is known as the "White Tower." To the north are the barracks, and to the northwest the Church of Saint Peter ad Vincula, under the altar of which lie the remains of the wives of Henry VIII.

For centuries the tower was a palace, a prison, a fortress and a court of law. Here, the Plantagenet kings held their gay tournaments, magnificent revels, and pompous religious ceremonies. Here, as I stated before, tragedy succeeded tragedy, and the innocent blood of many of England's bravest and most beautiful poured forth in a cruel stream. Wise statesmen, fair queens, child princes, noble warriors and priests were slain, their only crimes in many cases being their rank, their patriotism and their faith.

"No sadder spot on earth," says Macaulay.

When one hears the true story as told by the guards at the different entrances, it seems impossible to believe that only a few hundred years have elapsed since all this cruelty and inhuman things occurred. Still, it is something that has to be taken for granted.

The Tower is now chiefly used as an arsenal, and has a small military garrison of the yeomen of the guard.

MISS FLAVIA SOLES.

"A friendly smile, a ready wit, and a charming personality," best describes "Fla" Soles, the President of the large Model Class of 1920.

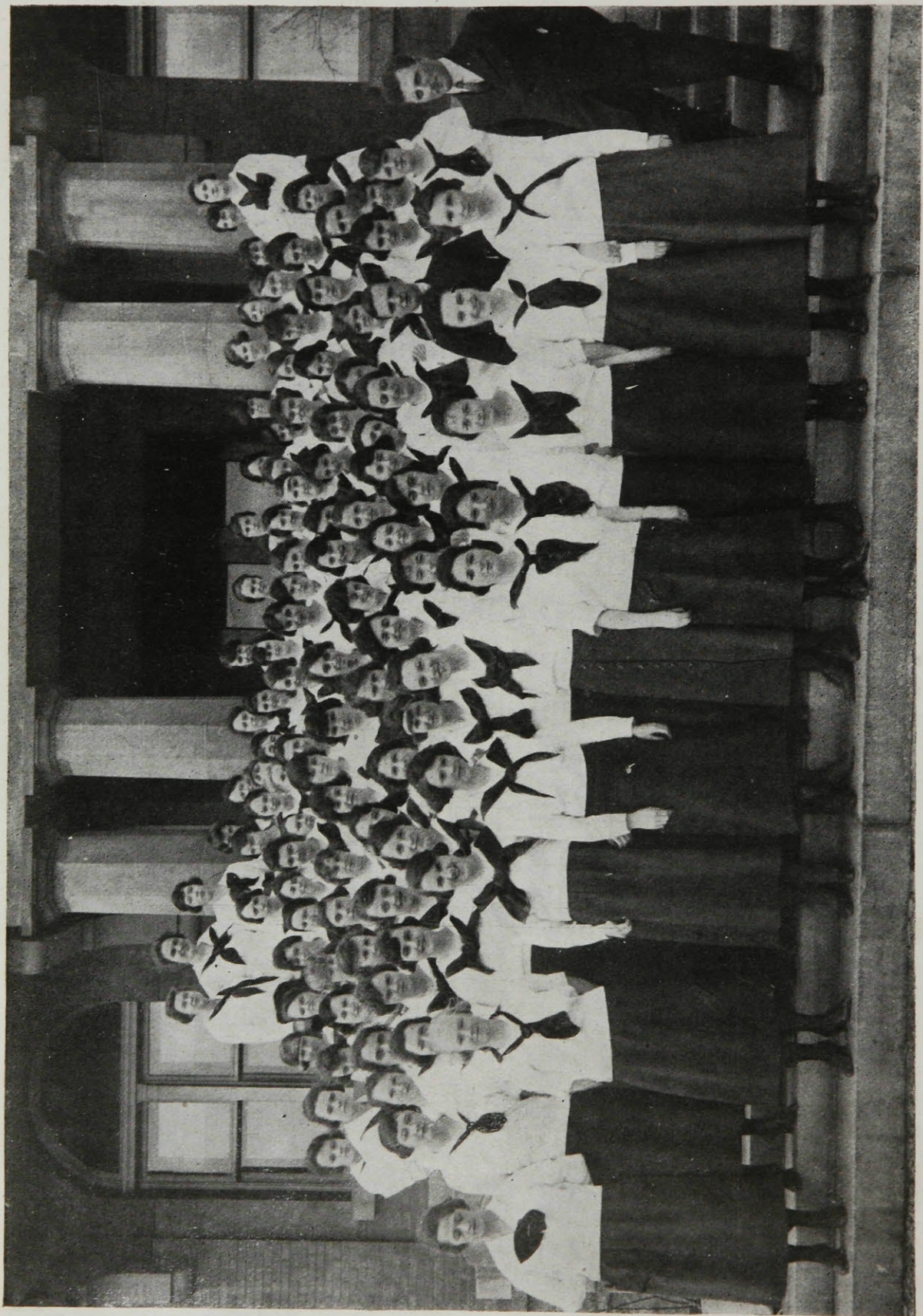
Although born at Dunham, Que., in 1901, Miss Soles' school-days began in the State of Massachusetts, but she soon returned to the Eastern Townships, and completed her High School Course at Knowlton, Quebec.

Miss Soles entered Macdonald in September, 1919, and throughout the year has been a very influential figure in all the important activities of College Life. It was due to Miss Soles' energetic leadership that the Model teachers were "always on top."



MISS RUBY E. MILLAR, whom the spring Elementary Teachers chose to guide their bark during their term at College, hails from Lachute. Miss Millar absorbed knowledge at Lachute Academy for some years. Then she taught a school at Ogdensburg, Que., for two years, but feeling the call to Macdonald she couldn't resist and last January found her President of the Elements.





MODEL TEACHERS, '20



Senior Science '20

A PARTING THOUGHT.

*"Weavers of Webs are we.
To every weaver one golden strand
Is given in trust by the Master-Hand:—
Weavers of Webs are we."*

The past years you have been spending your time learning to weave your cloth, and into your weaving you have put much time and thought and effort. As the shuttle has flown back and forth you have drawn and absorbed from your life here certain things which shall always be part of you, but at the same time you have given to your College part of yourself which shall make you, intrinsically, a part of it, and because you are a part of it, it will be your duty and your honour to always uphold its ideals.

You now turn your faces to the future, full of rich promise for you. We hope that your cloth will be strong and durable, but always beautiful, and that through the web will always be found the golden strand in a design worthy of your best.

And so with your faces turned toward the sun we, who have been associated with you in your work here, send out with you our thoughts and wishes that the best may always attend you in your undertakings and that life will fulfill all the promise it holds in store for you. In parting we send you on your way saying with the poet,

*"We have no sign of parting
So part we with a smile."*



HELEN G. MURRAY (Billy).

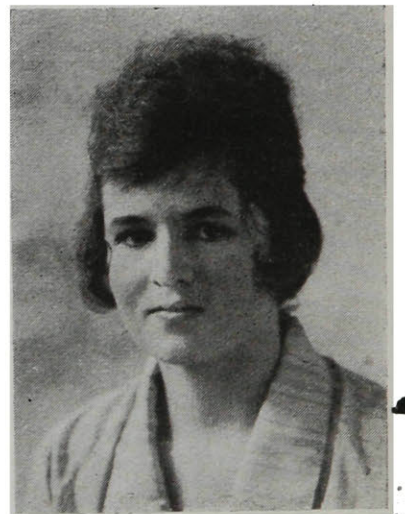
*"A girl she was to all the men most dear,
With such grace and pretty nut-brown hair."*

Sussex, N.B. Sussex High School.
President Senior Science, '19-'20.

ROSALIE OOSTHUIZEN.

*"For I would not be kissed by all who would
list."*

Ficksburg, Orange Free State, South Africa. Albert Academy, Burghersdorp, South Africa. Government Scholarship to Macdonald for training in Household Science. President Court of Honour, '19-'20. From here to Edinburgh School of Cookery. "Though I'm far across the sea . . ."



DOROTHY SUMMERS.

*"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."*

Champaign, Illinois, U.S.A. Ames High School. Ames, Iowa, U.S.A. Y.W.C.A. representative, '19-'20. "Words are great forces in the realm of life."

MILDRED J. HARMER (Mid.)

"Well, not as a general rule, I don't."

Norton, New Brunswick. Graduated from Norton Superior School, '12. Graduated from Sussex High School, '15. President Junior Administrators, '18. Baseball, '18. Senior Science Representative on Lit., '19-'20.

"Forget the past it is haunted."





DOROTHY WHITE (Dot).

"Oh, what a break!"

Lennoxville, P.Q. Lennoxville Academy. Home-maker '16. Secretary Seniors '19-'20.

"She is of so free, so kind, so apt a disposition."

MONA VAN DUYN.

"There's something pulling at my line. I've almost caught it."

Porterville, Cape Colony, South Africa. Eendracht School, Pretoria. Worked in Transvaal Museum at Entomology. Government Scholarship to Macdonald for training in Household Science. Going from here to Edinburgh School of Cookery.

Vice-President Lit., Science 1st Team Basketball.

"The countenance is the portrait of the soul and the eyes mark its intentions."



HELEN E. FLAHERTY.

"He loves me for mine own true worth."

Waltham, Massachusetts. Waltham Grammar School. Dressmaking, Short Course, '16. Cooking, Short Course, '17. Returned for Institutional Administration in '18. Treasurer, Athletics, '18-'19. Vice-President Court of Honour, '19-'20. Baseball, '18-'19.

"True in word and tried in deed."

GRACE H. McOUAT.

"I suppose it's funny, but I can't see what you are laughing at."

Lachute, Lachute Academy. Model, '16. Home-maker, '19. Senior Administrator, '20. Baseball, '19.





HOME MAKERS, '20

"Don't make me feel so unnecessary."

MISS MARGARET FAY HOLCOMB (Peg), President of the Homemakers' Class in Science, comes from Ottawa. Entering upon this somewhat sorrowful existence in the year 1901, Miss Holcomb early decided to brighten things up. She did this successfully at the Model School, Ottawa and at Ottawa Collegiate from which she matriculated in June 1919. Last September she extended her activities to Macdonald College, and she has managed to cheer us up a lot.

Miss Holcomb's favorite indoor pastime is dancing, and she is Science humorist for the Magazine.



The Science Blues

You ask what the Science girls learn
at Mac.

Well, we couldn't begin to tell you the
stack

Of things that we do, but we'll try to
explain

That the Science girl's life is one of
strain.

We're learning everything that's worth
while,

And how to do our work with a smile,
Without the grouch — not finding it
boring,

And to keep the "high cost of living"
from soaring.

In care of the house we learn the
way

Of keeping house to rhythm and sway.
We can handle brooms and dusters
and mops

And have no time for loafers and fops.

In Miss Smith's class, we learn to cook
And now we're out with bait and hook
To catch the men who are fond of
tarts

"It's through their stomachs you reach
men's hearts."

In sewing we learn to stitch and mend
The clothes that we so often rend.

So who will not our praises sing?

For we can make dresses and hats
— in everything.

We're learning, too, how to keep ac-
count

Of money spent, and the exact amount
It takes to keep house nowadays.

We fear, young men, you'll need a
"raise"!

English we take from Dr. Brunt,
We're sure the world over he must
hunt

To find such literary shining stars.
They're not to be found this side of
Mars.

Such artists we are, since coming to
Mac.

We're beginning to think no talents
we lack.

We're all now interior decorators,
But would hate to be one of the spec-
tators.

In gymnasium class we're graceful and
light,
'Tis surely, indeed a wonderful sight
To see us prone fall, feet backward
stretching,
You would all agree we look most
fetching.

We're taking household administration
In order to "add to the wealth of the
nation."
Professional housewives we're going to
be,
To happy homes we've found the key.

In laundry class we wash and rub,
Our willowy forms bent over the tub.
We're going to post our sign—"Sam
Fong!"
On men's silk shirts we're specially
strong.

In chemistry class—well, we learn so
much,
To most of us it is every bit Dutch.
But we have "some professor"—on
that we're agreed,
He's teaching us "stunts" we'll surely
need.

In Bacteriology Class we learn about
bugs,
How they are found in mats and rugs.
And other places, as well you know,
As Experiment 67 did show.

We're going away from Macdonald
College,
To put into practise our acquired
knowledge.
We know our first victims are brave
to face us,
And running great risks of dyspepsia
cases.

E.S.M., Science '20.



SPRING SHORT COURSE

FAREWELL TO HOMEMAKERS '20

The 9th of June, which marks the departure of the Homemakers from Mac., is nearly here. In September, when we arrived, it seemed a time so far in the future, that we hardly dared look forward to it, but the year has flown, bringing its joys and its sorrows. There have been splendid

good times, when we have forgotten the bread that would not rise, or the brass that would not shine. There has been knowledge gained and friendships made—friendships that will last through life. As the years pass we shall often think of Mac and the associations and try to live up to her motto, "Mastery for Service."

Junior Agriculture Class Presidents

JAMES WESLEY GRAHAM.

President of Class '22.

"Since life's so short, we'll live to laugh.

Ah! wherefore waste a minute!

If youth's the cup we yet can quaff,

Be love the pearl within it!"

Jim's birthplace was in Ormstown, Chateauguay Valley, a source of many Macdonald students. Ormstown Academy had charge of Jim's early education. Graduating at the tender age of sixteen, he left a reputation behind him for liking pretty girls. After spending several years in Montreal, Jim went back to the farm. In 1915 he entered Mac with Class '19. During his Sophomore Year with that Class, he enlisted, serving in France with the 45th Battery, C.F.A. The war was over—the attraction for Mac. was still with Jim and last fall he entered with Class '22. He was elected President of that Year at the first annual meeting.

Activities:—Students Council; Winner of the Individual Trophy, Sports Day; College Rugby Team and Class Basketball and Baseball Teams.



ROSWELL THOMSON.

President Class '23.

"Spud" Thomson was born in the centre of the universe—Westmount. With this good start in life he didn't have much difficulty with his early education. Westmount Academy, Montreal High School and Macdonald High School all helped him prepare for "Science" at McGill, which Faculty he entered with Class '17. At the end of the Freshman Year he enlisted with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, and served in France with that unit four years. "Spud" entered with Class '23 last fall. Shortly after the term commenced he was elected President of the Year, and has lead the Class successfully through all the trials and difficulties of the Freshman Year.



Our Wider Interest

Getting Ready For School Fairs

By Miss F. A. Buzzell.

To the Girls of Quebec—

In the last issue of this Magazine I told you about the girls in the United States and in the other provinces in Canada, and what they were doing to improve themselves, their communities and their school fairs. How were *they* doing this? By forming small clubs in their schools and working through these clubs.

I also said I would tell you what you could do to accomplish the same thing. Now how would *you* do this? You could do the same as they have done, that is, form a club in every school, couldn't you? Now you will wonder how forming a club is going to accomplish these things.

Last winter there were about nine girls' clubs formed in one of the counties of this province and we are hoping that before long there will be more of these clubs formed.

One of the objects of forming these clubs was to improve the school fairs. To become a member the girls had to promise that they would make bread twelve times before the fair in the fall. So many of the girls were bringing to the fair their first attempts in bread-making and some of it was far from good. Now you see if every girl

made bread twelve times before the fair, the bread that was brought to the fair would be of a much better quality than formerly, the standard of the exhibits would be raised, and a better fair would be the result.

As yet very few of these clubs have been formed, but every one of you can practice and become better bread makers and so have better fairs.

By the time this letter reaches you it will be almost time to start to get ready for the fair. How are you going to do this? First of all read over carefully the competition sheets that have been sent to you and decide what you wish to exhibit. Decide to enter for as many things as you can. Only in this way can we have a good, big fair.

Next read over very carefully all the directions that are given to you. Read them over and over, and if there is something that you do not understand, ask someone to explain it to you. Then follow these directions just as carefully and conscientiously as you possibly can.

If it is sewing that you are going to exhibit, start early so as to give yourself plenty of time to make a perfect article. In former years there have been too many things finished

up in a hurry, and consequently the workmanship has not been quite up to standard.

If it is some cookery you are going to exhibit—practice every week until fair time. This will help you a great deal.

You all know the motto, "Well begun is half done" and if you follow this little bit of advice the battle will be half won, and the result will be bigger and better fairs.

The Community Egg Circle

By A. G. Taylor, P.S.A.

AN egg circle is an association organized among farmers in a certain community for the purpose of marketing eggs frequently and and regularly in a cooperative way. The object of such an organization is to improve the quality of eggs as they leave the farm, and to place them in the hands of the consumer in the best possible conditions and with the least possible delay and expense.

Until quite recently, eggs were marketed in a very careless manner, and, in fact, at the present time we have a very large percentage of the eggs produced on the farms in this province marketed in the old-time way. In the first place, the eggs on the average farm are gathered at infrequent intervals and stored in any convenient place, perhaps only a few feet from the kitchen stove. The eggs are collected from nests in the poultry house, from under the barn, from the hay loft, from the cluster of weeds beside the fence or from any place that the hen may have stolen her nest. Very often many of the eggs are stale or may be even worse—partly hatched. Stained shells, stale, dirty, and many eggs that contain chickens at some stage of development, find their way into the basket with the perfectly fresh laid ones. Before the time is convenient for marketing these so-called eggs, two or even three weeks may have

passed, and all this time the eggs are deteriorating rapidly. But as yet the eggs are still on the farm. If the weather is warm, say above 70° F., incubation is going on all the time. slowly we grant you, so slow in fact that chicks seldom hatch, but with rapidity enough to spoil the eggs for eating purposes. Some day someone is going to town, and every nest is hunted out, and even the nest egg finds its way into the egg crate and starts on a long, but slow journey. The farmer exchanges the eggs for groceries at the country store, and the poor grocer, knowing that if he refuses to take the poor eggs will lose the farmer's trade, because the other grocer takes everything that has a sound shell on it, and pays a given price per dozen. From here the eggs are shipped to town and from the town they are forwarded to the cold storage or commission man in the city. The eggs that are fit for eating purposes when they reach the city are good "in spite of," and not "because of." The eggs are now candled and graded, those suitable for food are stored in the cold storage and the bad ones thrown away. The farmer has paid express and cartage on the entire lot, as well as good ones and then half of the shipment is discarded as useless. In this way the farmers of this province lose annually over one million dollars.

The girls and boys on our farms today have a golden opportunity of rendering valuable service to their country in attempting to remedy the marketing problem of the eggs laid on their father's farm. The older members of the family could render valuable service to the industry by undertaking the organization of the egg circle and then the girls and boys could attend to the routine work such as collecting the eggs regularly from the nests, stamping each egg with a rubber stamp as an identification mark, grading the eggs according to size and packing them before taking them to the egg circle.

It is work of this kind that increases the value of the poultry flock on the farm. At the present time new-laid eggs are selling at 60 cents per dozen, and with eggs at 5 cents each the very best care should be given them. If the quality of the egg output was improved the consumption of eggs would certainly increase, and increased consumption brings increased demand with higher prices. The details in gathering, keeping, etc., things that can be undertaken and successfully carried out by the children, would go a long way to improve the quality of the eggs.

In forming an egg circle, the older members of the community would have to render assistance. They would have to act in the capacity of officers. The business manager would have to be of mature age as well. The officers should consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary-treasurer, and four directors. They should employ the business manager. The business manager is responsible to the board of directors. His duties consist of gathering or receiving the eggs, sell-

ing them direct to the best market, and paying the association members for the eggs. These are sold according to grade and the price received by the egg circle is forwarded to the producer, less the charges for handling the eggs. When handling is done in a co-operative way the cost of marketing is very materially reduced.

The egg circle members are the producers, and must deliver to the egg circle manager nothing but good eggs. For this reason certain rules are drawn up, and members must abide by the regulations, which should be as follows:—(a) They must deliver all eggs not to be used for their own house-keeping or breeding purposes, at a time and place determined by the board of directors. All eggs must be sound in shell, clean, of good size and not more than one week old.

(b) Before being delivered, all eggs must be stamped at the large end with a stamp supplied by the board of directors. The stamp is the property of the association, and must be returned to the manager when the membership ceases.

(c) No member shall be permitted to dispose of eggs, through the association, from hens other than his own.

(d) No member shall be permitted to loan or borrow stamps belonging to the association.

(e) Poultry houses must be kept clean and sanitary.

(f) No nest eggs that will, in any way, taint the new-laid eggs may be used.

(g) Eggs must be gathered twice a day and kept in a cool room free from draught, dampness and foul odors, and if possible in a temperature not exceeding 60 degrees.

(h) All male birds must be removed

from the laying hens after May 15, and remain away from them until January of the following year.

If any member of the association is found guilty of selling eggs of an inferior quality through the circle, he is fined. A system of fines is arranged and enforced by the directors.

The egg circle is a very valuable asset to a community, in that the farmers get the full value of the eggs produced, and when the remuneration is good the industry naturally enlarges and increases in value. Egg circles are con-

ducive to larger poultry flocks being kept, and also to better care and attention being given to the birds. The eggs are marketed direct and a number of middlemen are entirely eliminated. This increases the profit to the producer.

An egg circle should never be organized unless the people in the community are ready and willing to give it their support, and unless the supply of eggs is worth while to warrant its formation. When properly located and operated the egg circle is a valuable asset to a community.



What do you think of this fine sturdy chap? His name is

JOHN ERIC HOCKEY.

He is very proud of his banner, in his position of

CLASS BABY, AGRICULTURE, '21.

-- Faculty Items --

Principal Harrison is Vice-President of the Society of American Bacteriologists, having been elected to that position at a meeting of the Society held in Boston, December 29—31.

The Macdonald College Club held a meeting on March 26th, at which Col. J. S. Dennis of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company spoke on Irrigation in the Canadian West, and also gave some account of his experiences in Siberia.

At a meeting of the Golf Club, held on March 31st, the following officers were elected: President, Prof. Barton; Secretary, Dean Laird; Treasurer, Mr. Duporte; Green Committee, Dr. Harrison (convener), Messrs. C. Stephens and L. C. Raymond. The ladies of the club are also organizing for play.

The Quebec Society for the Protection of Plants met at the College in March under the presidency of Prof. Lochhead, who was re-elected. Prof. Dickson was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Society. An interesting feature of the meeting was an illustrated lecture on the rubber industry of Java by Prof. Lloyd of McGill.

Since our last issue, in which the resignation of Miss Jenny Fraser as Housekeeper and the appointment of Miss Hall as Assistant Housekeeper were announced, there have been further changes in the Residence staff. Miss Mary Brumell, who succeeded

Miss Fraser, resigned February 1st, and Miss Hall was called home to England on account of the illness of her mother. On April 1st Miss M. M. Green took up the duties of Dietician and Miss L. Heaton was appointed Housekeeper. Miss Muriel Boulden, Assistant to Mrs. Ilsen, has resigned, and has been succeeded by Miss R. N. Jamieson.

Miss M. M. Green, the recently appointed Dietician, is well and favorably known at Macdonald College, she having had charge of the Principal's household some years ago during Mrs. Harrison's illness, and again in the winter of 1918-19 during Mrs. Harrison's visit to New York. Miss Green has had a wide and varied experience in her line of work. For three summers she has had charge of the Bell Telephone Company's camp in the Laurentians. She has spent a winter as Dietician in the Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida, and one in the Sherbrooke Hospital.

The new Housekeeper, Miss Heaton, comes from Colorado, and has already been associated with Miss Green in Jacksonville, Florida.

Miss Chute, who has been in Florida on account of the serious illness of her mother, is expected to return early in May to resume her work as Supervisor of Homemakers' Clubs.

Miss Laura Kirby left early in

March to take charge of the Home Branch of the Soldiers' Settlement Board for Quebec. Her headquarters are in Sherbrooke.

Miss Buzzell has been appointed Supervisor of Girls' Clubs, succeeding Miss Kirby.

Miss Susie Crane, of last year's Institution Administration class, has joined the extension staff of the School of Household Science.

Lieut.-Commander Charles Stephen, R.N., paid a brief visit to England in March and April. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton and Miss Brackett hope to visit the old land during the summer.

Feminine charms have again been playing havoc with the Bachelors' Club. The following engagements are announced: Mr. Alex. A. Ness to Miss Eva Smith, of Westmount; Mr. L. C.

Raymond to Miss Pearl Harwood, of the Macdonald High School staff; Mr. Emile A. Lods to Miss Jean McLeod, also of the High School staff; and Mr. E. M. Ricker to Miss Edla Lindholm, formerly of the staff of the School of Household Science.

Mr. E. M. Ricker has resigned his position as Lecturer in Horticulture.

Mr. T. H. Biggar, of the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department's staff of instructors, has resigned to take charge of his own farm in Huntingdon county.

Mr. A. d'Arcy Chapman, Headmaster of the High School, and a graduate of Cambridge University, England, has resigned to take post-graduate work in Harvard University, where he has been awarded the Austin Scholarship in Geology.

Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge receipt of and express our thanks for the following:

The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Queen's Journal—Queen's Univ., Kingston.

Agricultural Gazette—Dept. of Agric., Ottawa.

The De Laval Monthly—De Laval Separator Co., New York.

The Dalhousie Gazette—Dalhousie Univ., Halifax, N.S.

O.A.C. Review—O.A.C., Guelph.

The Gateway—Alberta Univ., Edmonton, Alta.

The National Grange Monthly—Springfield, Mass.

Vox Collegii—Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, Ont.

Silver and Gold—Univ. of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., U.S.A.

Managra—Manitoba Agric. College, Winnipeg, Man.

King's College Record—Univ. of King's College, Windsor, N.S.

The Mitre—Univ. of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

The Black and Red—Univ. School, Victoria, B.C.

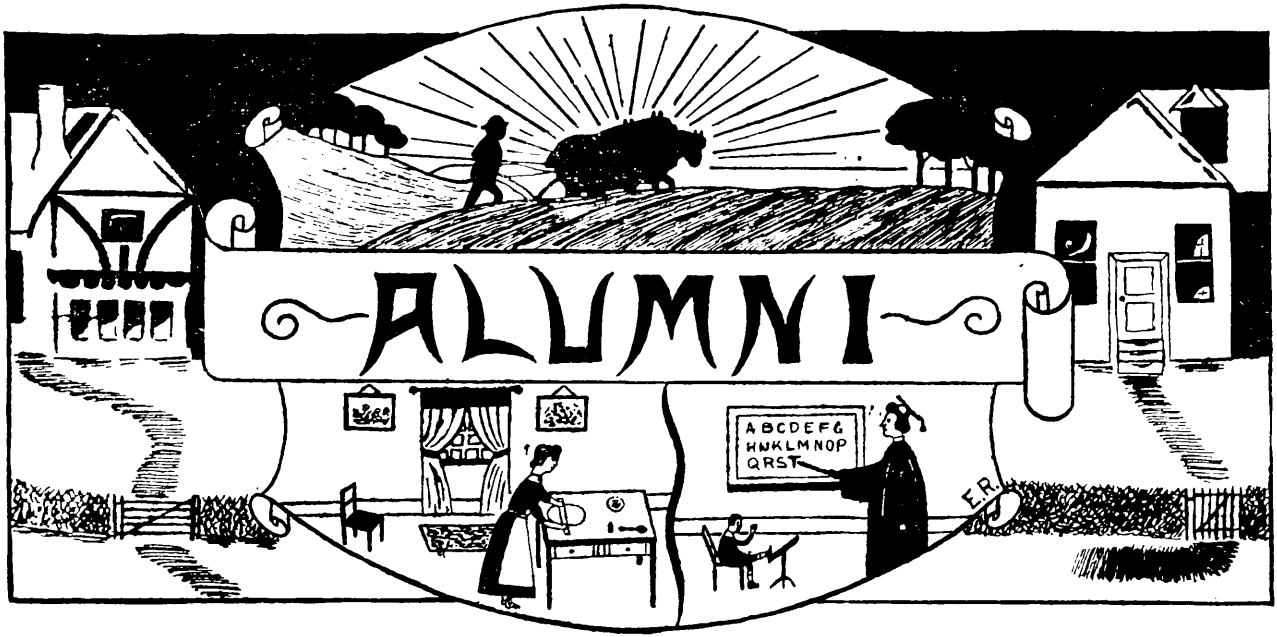
Vox Lycei—Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

The Analecta, Central Collegiate Institute, Calgary, Alta.

Stantsead College Magazine—Stanstead, Quebec.

The High School of Quebec Magazine—Quebec, P.Q.

Agricultural Gazette—20 Tudor St., London, E.C.4, England.



Undergraduates' Alumni

Billy Woodward, '20, is travelling for the Northern Electric Co., Montreal, and is maintaining his interest in agriculture by visiting all the best farms.

Earle MacNaughton, '21, intends to return to the east from British Columbia this summer, and to make Ste. Anne de Bellevue a stopping place en route.

Some of our old undergraduates have wandered far from the rest of the flock. A. Ladd, '20, found himself in Mexico some time ago, and to all reports he is having a wild time down there. We wish he would give us the details.

We still hear of Macdonald students suffering from the effects of the war. F. W. Millichamp, '20, is now in Christy Street Hospital, Toronto, getting final treatment for the wounds in his legs. He is regaining the use of his limbs gradually, and hopes to be discharged before the summer. He has had a hard time, but has shown true

Canadian spirit by coming through it with a smile.

C. G. Standish, '18, is working on the Soldiers' Settlement Board in Quebec.

After the excitement of the war and German prison camps, Walter Kingland, '19, has apparently decided to settle down to a quiet domestic life. All we know officially, however, is that his engagement has been announced, and we would like to extend to him our best wishes.

S. L. Dewey, '20, has been pursuing his studies in New York city all last winter, following his return from an interesting trip to Honolulu.

A. C. Ferris, '20, is doing good work by increasing production on the home farm at Aylmer, Que.

J. S. Boily, '21, has recovered from the operation on his eyes and has taken a position as an inspector in the Dominion Seed Commission.

Another bachelor has fallen before the charms of a Montreal lady! H.

Butler, '19, is to be married in April, and is going to the sunny south for his honeymoon. We wish them a long, happy life.

At the dance given by the girls on April 15 we were pleased to see a couple of our undergraduates, M. Aird of '18, and D. Todd, also of '18. The former is carrying on business in Montreal, and the latter has the position of seed inspector under the Dominion Seed Commission. He spends part of his time on the home farm at Lachute, where he puts into practice the know-

ledge he gained at Macdonald. Both fellows were looking well, and were delighted to have a little share in college life again.

G. Hardy, of '21, motored out from Montreal to visit Macdonald last weekend. He has settled down to a business life in the city, but enjoys having a look over the college farm again.

Pat Ashby, '22, left college for the West in March, in order to be on a farm for the spring seeding. We hear he is near Edmonton, Alberta.

Teachers

Miss Alberta Layton, one of the Model Class '17, formerly of Edward VII School, is now teaching Second Year in the Girls' High School, Montreal.

Miss May Lefebvre, of Class '16, teaches at East Hatley.

Miss Mildred McKenzie and Miss Marian McKenzie, are teaching at present in Waterville, Que.

Miss Beulah Graham, of Granby, Que., is teaching in the West Hill High School, Montreal West.

Miss Vivian Porter, of Granby, teaches in Kensington School, N.D.G.

The marriage of Miss Donalda Wood, a former member of the Kindergarten Class '17, took place recently in Westmount to Mr. George Mallinson.

Miss Myrtle Duffy, of the Model

Class, is now teaching at Peace Centennial School, Montreal.

Miss Mildred Millar, of the Elementary Class, '19, teaches in Wakefield, Que. Miss Ella Sullivan, also of the Elementary Class '19, teaches in Gaspé, Que.

Miss S. G. Cooke, of New Carlisle, was married last December to Mr. W. J. Stubbs. Miss Cook was a former member of the Model Class.

Miss Marjorie Hall, of the Model Class '17, teaches in the Royal Vale School, N.D.G.

Among recent marriages was that of Miss Bella Caldwell, who taught at Shigawake, New Carlisle, to Mr. Blois.

Miss Grace Bradford, of Lachute, is now teaching in Granby, Que.

Miss Janet Macfarlane, of Huntingdon, Class '16, also teaches in Granby.

Household Science

Miss Isabel Cavanah, '18, is teaching Domestic Science in New Glasgow, N.S. Miss Cavanah also instructs classes in that branch in the technical department, and recently had a very successful closing.

Miss Jean Cooke, Homemaker, '17, has accepted a position as stenographer with the Military in Halifax, N.S.

Miss Mabel Boulden, '19, is relieving the dietitian at Ste. Agathe for a few weeks.

The many friends of Miss Margaret McQueen, Homemaker, '09, will be interested to learn of her marriage to Capt. Harold Laurence, of Truro, N.S. The wedding took place in Calgary where the bride held the position of instructor in Household Science. Mr. Laurence served with distinction with the Canadian forces in France.

Miss Norma McCall, '16, is "carrying on" in the Bank of Nova Scotia, New Glasgow, N.S.

Miss Isabel Sutherland, '14, of New Glasgow, N.S., has returned from a delightful winter in Florida.

Miss "Pat" Andersen, Homemaker '16, is working in the Bank of Montreal, Brandon, Manitoba.

Miss Susie Crane, '19, who has been taking the pupil dietitian's course in the Toronto General Hospital, has returned to Macdonald to assist in the extension work in the rural districts.

It was the good fortune of the present Senior Science to visit Miss Ernie Law and Miss Irene Carpenter, of '17. Miss Law is in charge of the Themis Club, Montreal, and Miss Carpenter of the Bell Telephone Cafeterias, Montreal.

Miss Frankie Clarke, Homemaker '19, is at present working as a busi-

ness girl for the Sun Life Insurance in Montreal.

It is with regret that we have seen the Senior Science class of this year diminished. Miss Helen Nation was called to her home in Victoria because of the serious illness of her mother, and is at present taking charge of her home. Being one of the best all-round girls we had, she is very greatly missed by the class, who send their very best wishes for the quick recovery of her mother.

Miss Pearson is at present in the hospital in Montreal having a well-earned rest, which we hope she will enjoy to the full. She also has the best wishes of the class for a quick recovery.

The Misses Marguerite and Charlotte Magee, '19, have just returned from a trip to Europe. They were looking brown and healthy when they passed through Ste. Annes on their way to their home in Merrickville, Ontario.

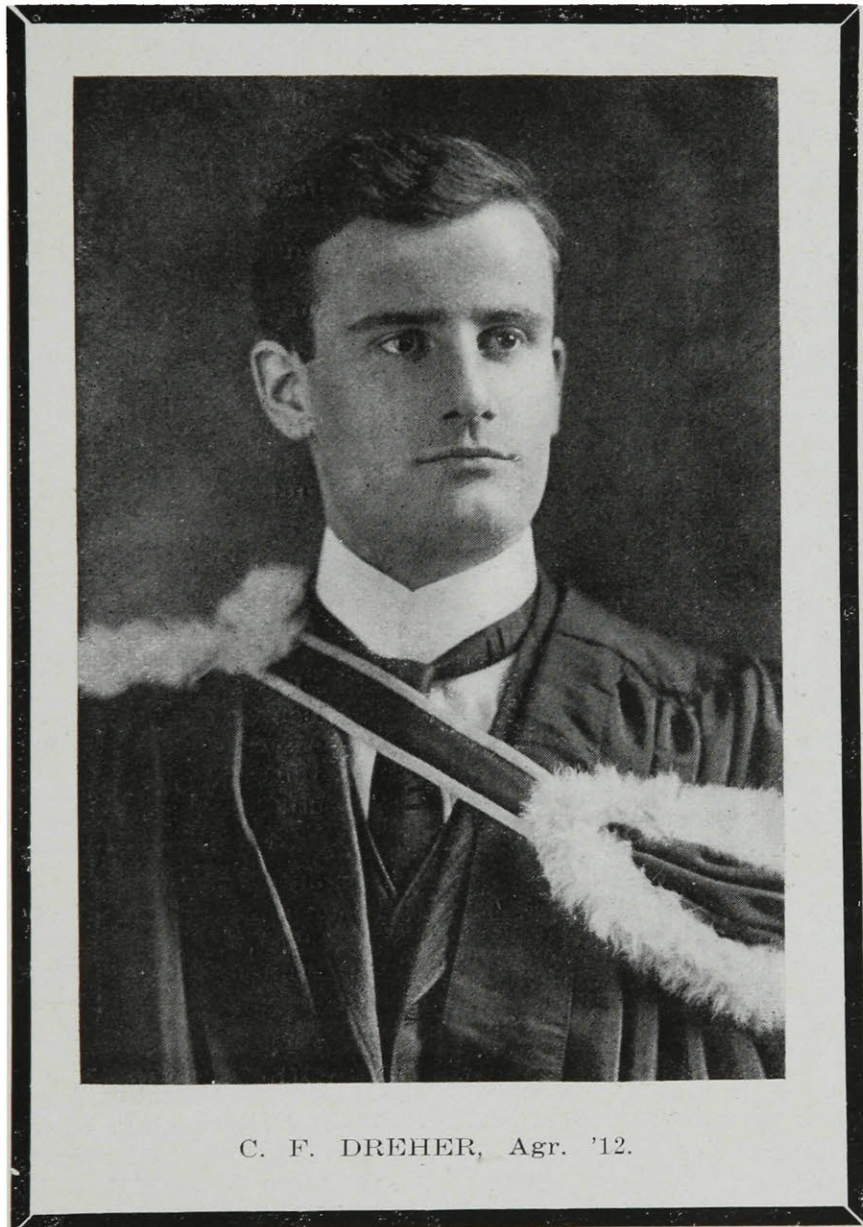
Jean Somerville, of Homemakers '16, is at present teaching at her home in St. John, N.B. Ruth Coster of the same year is also at home in the same town.

Jean Tubman, Homemaker '19, is still "at it" in the General Hospital, Toronto. We have it on fine authority that she is making the dandiest little nurse. Anyone who knew Tubby would know that.

Dorothy Munro, Homemaker '19, is keeping house at her home in Pictou, N.S. Judging from her own descriptions it is good fun as well as work.

Phyllis Matthewman, who finished her Homemaker Course this year is now in Ottawa. Phyllis still continues doing work for the Magazine.

Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association



In Memoriam

It is with sadness that we have to announce the death of Lieut. C. F. Dreher.

"Bill," as he was familiarly known by his classmates, answered his country's call among the first, enlisting with a Maritime Province battery in the fall of 1914, and arriving in France early in 1915. He was severely wound-

ed in the right arm early in 1916, and was convalescing in England until the spring of 1917, when he returned to France for a short time, after which he returned to England for his commission, which he received in the early summer of 1918, when he again returned to France. He remained there until the beginning of 1919. In January of

that year he was appointed to the staff of the Khaki College, where he remained until the close of that institution. On his return to Canada he was appointed as research assistant in the Horticultural Division, Central Experimental Farm, where he was employed previous to enlisting as Assistant in Vegetable Gardening.

Early in November he was taken ill with sleeping sickness which proved fatal, despite the tremendous fight which he was enabled to put up with his excellent constitution. He leaves a

wife and a baby girl to mourn his loss.

Class '12 has in his death sustained a severe loss. "Bill" was one of the most highly respected members of his class. His honesty of purpose, sterling character and keen sense of justice endeared him to all who knew him, and it was with heavy hearts that his many friends followed his remains to Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, and listened to the soul-touching notes of the "Last Post," the soldier's last farewell to a departed comrade, whose work is done.

Addresses of Graduates

Class '11

- Brittain, W. H. Provincial Entomologist and Professor of Zoology, Truro, N.S.
 Buck, F. E., Assistant Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.
 Gorham, R. P., Assistant Entomologist, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N.B.
 Grisdale, F. S., Principal, Agricultural School, Vermillion Alberta.
 Grindley, F. H., Fruit Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, or University Club, Ottawa.
 Innes, Robt., Director of Agricultural Branch, Soldier's Settlement Board Ottawa.
 Reid, W. J., Superintendent of Agricultural Instruction, Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
 Savage, A., College Veterinarian, Macdonald College, Que.
 Spencer, C. M., Victoria Avenue, Wangannui, New Zealand.
 Straight, E. M., Experiment Station, Morden Man.
 Summerby, R., Professor of Cereal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 Sweet, C., Dominion Seed Branch, 173 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.
 Williams, C., Soldiers' Settlement Board, Fredericton, N.B.
 Wood, G. W., Professor of Animal Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Man.

Class '12

- W. W. Baird, Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Nappau, N.S.
 F. S. Browne, Manager, Canada Flax and Seed Co., Ottawa, Ont.
 A. A. Campbell, Dept. of Natural Resources, C.P.R. System, Calgary, Alta.
 M. B. Davis, Assistant Horticulturist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 H. B. Durost, Agricultural School, Woodstock, N. B.
 K. M. Fiske, Farming, Florenceville, N.B.
 S. M. Fiske, Farming, Lancaster, Ont.
 D. B. Flewelling, Instructor of D.S.C.R., Fredericton, N.B.
 R. S. Kennedy, Vocational Officer, D.S.C.R., Ottawa, Ont.
 E. A. Lods, Extension Cereal Husbandman, Macdonald College, Que.
 R. Newton, Assistant Professor of Field Husbandry, Edmonton, Alta.
 A. R. Ness, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 L. V. Parent, Manager, Can. Co-op. Wool Growers, Lennoxville, Que.
 L. C. Raymond, Lecturer in Cereal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 E. Rhoades, Dominion Live Stock Branch, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.
 J. G. Robertson, Live Stock, Commissioner, Regina, Sask.
 J. M. Robertson, Assistant Supt. Kentville Experiment Station, Kentville, N.S.
 J. A. Simard, Representative of Dominion Seed Branch, Quebec, Que.

Class '13

- J. S. Dash, Director Station Agronomique, Pointe-a-Pitre, Gaudeloupe, W.I.
 E. M. Duporte, Assistant in Biology, Macdonald College, Que.
 A. F. Emberley, Ayers Cliff, Que.
 W. H. Gibson, Manager, Arm River Stock Farm, Girvin, Sask.
 A. C. Gorham, Director of Elementary Agricultural Education, Sussex, N.B.
 G. C. Holliday, Farming, Sawyerville, Que.
 M. H. Jenkins, Assistant Supt. of Experimental Farm, Nappan, N.S.
 J. K. King, Representative of Live Stock Branch, Moncton, N.B.
 D. E. Lothian, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Vancouver, B.C.
 G. E. LeLacheur, Dominion Seed Branch, Ottawa, Ont.
 Victor Matthews, Assistant Superintendent of Experimental Farm, Lethbridge, Alta.
 Kenneth MacBean, Assistant Supt. of Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B.C.
 L. D. McClintock, Agricultural Demonstrator, Knowlton, Que.
 W. A. Middleton, Horticulture Department, University of B.C., Vancouver, B.C.
 G. E. O'Brien, Treasurer and Assistant Manager, Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Toronto, Ont.
 A. E. Raymond, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Woodstock, N.B.
 B. Richardson, Managing Director, Meadow View Orchard Co., Mount Vernon, N.H.
 F. N. Savoie, Secretary of Agriculture, Quebec, Que.

Class 14

- E. N. Blondin, Agricultural Demonstrator, Huntingdon, Que.
 C. F. Coffin, Montclair, N. J., U.S.A.
 O. A. Cooke, Manager of Richmond Farms, Macklin, Sask.
 P. R. Cowan, Cereal Assistant in Baking, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 R. Dougall, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., U.S.A.
 F. L. Drayton, Assistant Botanist, C.E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 H. J. M. Fiske, Florenceville, N.B.
 D. W. Hamilton, Professor of Agricultural Education, Pullman, Wash., U.S.A.
 R. I. Hamilton, Assistant Agrostologist, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 C. H. Hodge, Agricultural Demonstrator, Shawville, Que.
 R. R. Heustis, University of California, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A.
 R. E. Husk, Farming, Glenelm, Que.
 W. L. MacFarlane, Farming, Fox Harbour Point, N.S.
 G. G. Moe, Associate-Professor in Agronomy, Vancouver, B.C.
 G. W. Muir, Assistant Animal Husbandman, C. E. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

- W. Newton, University of California, Berkeley, California.
 T. F. Ritchie, Assistant Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Lennoxville, Que.
 A. O. Schafheitlin, Farming, Canning, N.S.

Class '15

- G. C. Boyce, Farming, Athelstan, Que.
 V. B. Durling, Lawrencetown, N.S.
 H. I. Evans, District Agriculturist, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Sherbrooke, Que.
 E. L. Hodgins, Elmhurst Farm, Portage du Fort, Que.
 J. H. King, Agricultural Representative, Moncton, N.B.
 W. G. MacDougall, Agricultural Demonstrator, Lennoxville, Que.
 R. E. McKechnie, Farming, Wyman, Que.
 J. E. McOuat, Lecturer in Nature Study and Elementary Agriculture, Macdonald College, Que.
 L. C. McOuat, Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, Macdonald College, Que.
 H. D. Mitchell, c/o Soldiers' Settlement Board, Sherbrooke, Que.
 F. Y. Presley, 356 Ferry St., Malden, Mass.
 E. M. Ricker, 45 Fairmount Ave., Malden, Mass.
 H. B. Roy, Farming, Sabrevois, Que.
 Chas. Russel, Assistant Professor of Agricultural Education, Toledo University, Ohio.
 W. Sadler, Professor of Dairying, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.
 A. G. Taylor, Extension Poultry Husbandman, Macdonald College, Que.
 L. J. Westbrooke, Farming, South Bryon, Que.
 H. F. Williamson, Office Manager, Davis-Bournonville Co., 316 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.

Class '16

- T. H. Biggar, Huntingdon, Que.
 E. S. Cochrane, Farming, Clarenceville, Que.
 L. W. F. Crothers, c/o Canadian Farm, 181 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ont.
 J. G. C. Fraser, Assistant Cerealists, Central Exp. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 C. B. Gooderham, Assistant Apiarist, Central Exp. Farm, Ottawa, Ont.
 G. C. Hay, District Agriculturist, Kamloops, B.C.
 O. C. Hicks, Soils and Crops Division, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.
 C. B. Hutchings, Assistant Entomologist, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.
 A. E. Hyndman, c/o Dr. G. E. Hyndman, 45 Montreal Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
 C. Lyster, c/o Wm. Davies, Toronto Ont.
 J. Harold McOuat, Demonstrator to Quebec Rural Schools, Macdonald College, Que.
 J. C. Moynan, Lecturer, D.S.C.R., Macdonald College, Que.
 R. Schafheitlin, Canning, N.S.
 J. A. Ste. Marie, Assistant, Division of Animal Husbandry, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

W. E. Sutton, c/o Mr. Freeman Sutton,
Barnston, Que.

Class '17

Alex Bothwell, Agricultural Demonstrator,
Cowansville, Que.
H. S. Cunningham, Dept. of Agriculture,
Truro, N.S.
G. H. Dickson, Vineland Experimental Sta-
tion, Vineland, Ont.
R. M. Elliott, Sheep and Goat Division, Do-
minion Experimental Farm, Ottawa,
Ont.
R. C. M. Fiske, Florenceville, N.B.
I. G. Hetherington, Union Stock Yards, To-
ronto, Ont.
L. R. Jones, Soldiers' Settlement Board
University of British Columbia, Van-
couver, B.C.
C. Morris, Macdonald College, Que.
J. D. Newton, Dept. of Agronomy, University
of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.
L. C. Roy, Agricultural Demonstrator, Cook-
shire, Que.
E. C. Spicer, Soldiers' Settlement Board,
Halifax, N.S.

E. G. Wood, Agricultural Extensionman,
Portage La Prairie, Man.

Class '18

G. E. Arnold, Farming, Granville, Que.
C. E. Boulden, Supervisor of D.S.C.R., Mac-
donald College, Que.
F. B. Kinsman, Farming, Lakeville, N.S.
A. Kelsall, Dominion Entomological Branch,
Annapolis Royal, N.S.
H. S. Mace, 38 Nichols Street, Rutland, Vt.
A. E. McMahon, Salesman and Insecticide
Expert, c/o John Cowan Chemical Co.,
Montreal, Que.
Miss M. Newton, 2104 Scudder Ave., St. Paul
Minn. (University of Minnesota.)
R.J.M. Reid, Lecturer, D.S.C.R., Macdon-
ald College, Que.
E. M. Taylor, Assistant Superintendent of
Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N.B.

Class '19

Chas Wilcox, Soldiers' Settlement Board
Sherbrooke, Que.
E. Grove While, Kilbayne, Doneraigne, Coun-
ty Cork, Ireland.

NEWS ITEMS

Class '11

From 208 William St. Ithaca, N.Y. his ad-
dress while attending the Graduate School
of Cornell University, Bill Brittain writes
that his class and all other secretaries may
"go to blazes." We infer therefrom that
William is busy.

R. P. Gorham is stationed at the Dominion
Entomological Laboratory, Fredericton, N.B.
as assistant entomologist. He reports that
most of his work is concerned with forest
insects and that in consequence a large part
of his time is spent among the "tall tim-
bers."

Bob. Innes has been carrying on as Di-
rector of the Agricultural Branch, Soldiers'
Settlement Board, Ottawa, for the past year.
Good work, Bob.

Carl Sweet is still with the Seed Branch
and stationed at Winnipeg.

E. M. Straight is superintendent of the
Experiment Station at Morden, Man, and
endeavouring to make the frozen prairie
disgorge horticultural products heretofore
unknown in those parts.

Fred. Grindley reports excellent progress
in the organization of the Canadian Society
of Technical Agriculturists of which he is
acting secretary. He hopes to have a gen-
eral convention at Ottawa early in June to
put the Society definitely on its feet. In
spite of the 'flu and other troubles Fred is
doing important constructive work.

F. E. Buck is still working the way he
always did and that says much. When
time permits he is helping Fred. Grindley
with the C.S.T.A.

Class '12

Mr. Fred S. Browne, the genial and hust-
ling manager of the Canada Flax & Seed
Co., has just recovered from rather a severe
attack of tonsilitis. It is with pleasure that
his classmates learn of his success in his
new venture.

J. G. Robertson, "Doc," still appears able
to land on his feet even though one leg is a
game one. His appointment as Live Stock
Commissioner for the Province of Saskat-
chewan is something Macdonald should be
proud of.

Bunty Baird, who paid us a visit recently,
seems the same old boy. Bunty is still lead-
ing the life of single blessedness, saying the
proverbial H.C. of L. is too high an obstacle
to the path of double blessedness.

Class '15

Harry Evans is busily engaged in filling
the position of District Agriculturist for the
Province of Quebec with the Soldier Set-
tlement Board. His headquarters are at
Sherbrooke, Quebec, and from all accounts
he enjoys his work and is making good.
He paid the College a visit on the occasion
of the last dance and seemed to enjoy him-
self as per usual. While here he indulged
in an original bath. Ask him?

Mr. E. M. Ricker resigned his lectureship
at Macdonald last month, and is now at his
home in Malden, Mass. "Rick" contemplates
taking up farming somewhere in the Eastern
States, but as yet, has not decided where.
His many friends at the College were sorry

to see him leave, as his genial manner, and the active interest which he displayed in all our College activities make his departure keenly felt. We wish him all success in any new endeavour.

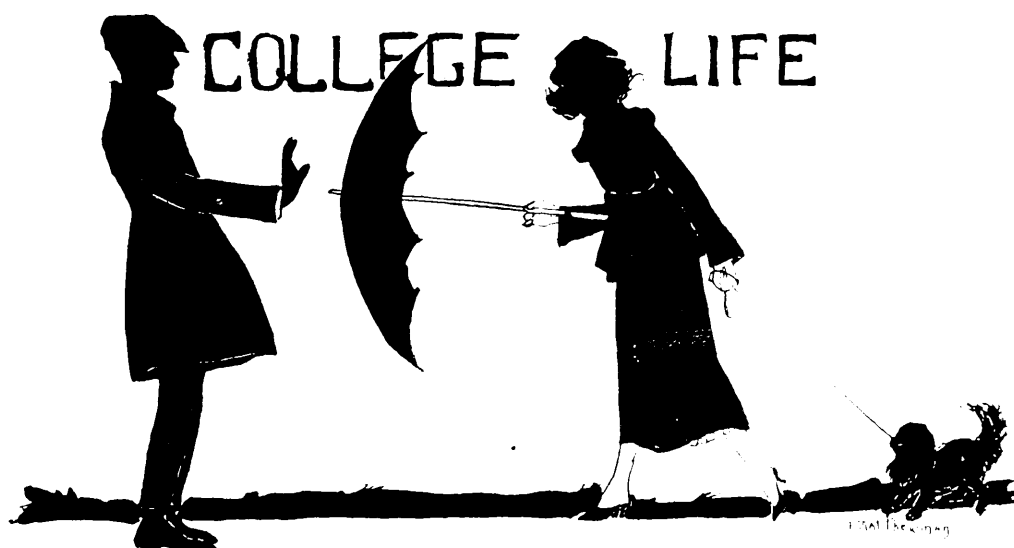
Lt. H. D. Mitchell, returned last month from overseas. In spite of the fact that "Mitch" has had a long hard spell in hos-

pital, he is looking well and is as cheerful as ever. He spent some little time here with us after his return, but his friends are so numerous that his time is pretty well divided. At the present time, he is at his home in Drummondville, but expects shortly to join the Soldier Settlement Board at Sherbrooke, where he will be associated with Harry Evans. A good combination, I'll say they are.



JUNIOR STAFF BASEBALL TEAM

Winners of Cup in Montreal City and District Baseball League.
They did not lose a single game.



MEN STUDENTS' DANCE.

Dear fellow-students, have you ever attended a dance which you most emphatically declared was the best ever? The humble writer of these poor lines only recently had the pleasure of attending just such a dance, and requests nothing more than a little strain of eyesight upon the part of the reader.

It was the occasion of the Informal Dance given by the Gentlemen to the Ladies of Macdonald on Friday evening, March 19, in the Men's Residence. The hour of commencement was 8.30. But long ere this hour, committee-men hustled hither and thither arranging every detail—even to the doormat. If wishes to "speed up" could have lent wings to Old Man Time they would have given him a long ride—such was the nervous tension. However, at 8 o'clock sharp our guests began to arrive, and within a few moments the strains of the Grand March filled the gym, and floated down the halls. The dance was on!

It has been said that people find difficulty in expressing heights of happiness. This was one time when the occasion produced such a situation. There was everywhere nothing but a

wonderful ecstasy of music, light and color. The music for the programme of numbers—twenty-two in all—was superbly rendered by the Westmount Novelty Jazz Band. In the decorations there certainly was a dash of life and originality as carried out in the gym.—such novelties as "inverted dome" false ceiling and appropriate paintings specially done for the event, besides a gorgeous riot of flags, pennants and lanterns. Great interest centered in the convenient rendezvous and cozy-corners sheltered by balsam pines of the North. Gallons upon gallons of "Auntie's" sparkling punch disappeared as though by magic. Smiles were in order, and no sorrowing shadows crossed countenances that night.

Supper brought with it other cheer as we escorted our partners to the good old dining-hall, again to be the seat of more mirth. A delicious and refreshing supper had been arranged and was thoroughly enjoyed.

Night had merged into morning, yet the dance continued until the orchestra played "God Save the King," and the pleasure-makers broke up, each to join hands with sweet Repose until dawn—or later.

We believe that the pride we have

taken in this accomplishment is pardonable. Much credit is due the dance committee for the time and effort expended in making it one of Mac's most memorable dances.



This was NOT a feature of the dances
at Mac this year

THE GIRLS' DANCE.

On April 18th, prior to the departure of the Sophomores and Freshmen, the girls gave the last formal dance of the season. Owing to a slight misunderstanding it took place sooner than expected and in this way the girls were somewhat handicapped in their preparations, but with the kind assistance of the boys, affairs were arranged most satisfactorily. The shaded lights and the rainbow colors of the girls' frocks created a picture which will remain in our memories for some time to come. Altogether, it was a fitting send off for the departing "Aggies."

SENIOR SCIENCE SUPPER DANCE.

On Saturday, March 27th, the Senior Science entertained their friends in a novel and delightful way. Tables were reserved for the guests in the dining-room, where supper, which had been prepared by the hostesses, was served. The menu was so tempting we cannot resist telling it to you. First, there was chicken salad, garnished with cucumbers and radishes and rolls; nutbread and olives, but the crowning delight was the fruit sherbet, which—well, we just can't begin to describe the fruit sherbet. Then, of course, there were biscuits, luscious cakes, candies—n everything.

After supper, there was dancing in the reception room until 10 o'clock, when the guests departed, agreeing that when it came to giving a party, you had to "hand it" to the Senior Science

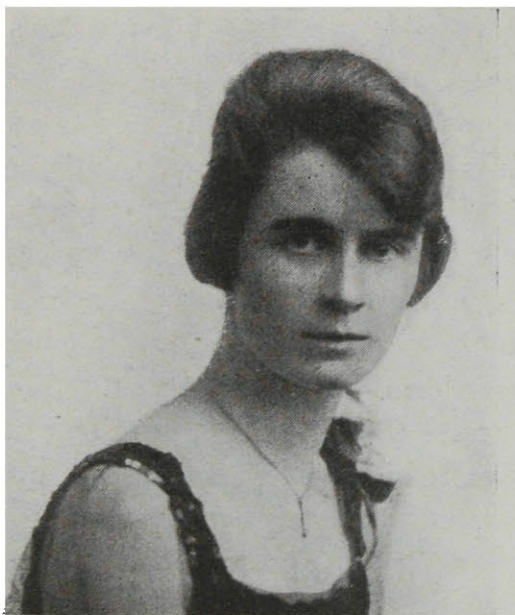
SCIENCE-TEACHERS DEBATE.

On the evening of March 10th the annual Science-Teachers Debate was held in the Assembly Hall. Those who attended went expecting to hear something worth while, and they were not disappointed.

The topic of the debate was: "Resolved that it would be an advantage at the present time to have women in Parliament in Canada." Science had the affirmative, which was supported by Miss Harkness and Miss Rogers, while Miss Shortley and Miss McLennan upheld the negative for the Teachers.

Miss Harkness, leader of the affirmative, outlined the need of women in Parliament to deal with the social and industrial evils of today. Pointing out the conditions under which

some women were forced to work, she quoted several instances where women employed had helped their employees. She also dealt with child labour and the liquor traffic.



MISS MARJORIE HARKNESS.
Science Debater.

Miss Shortley, leader of the negative, emphasized the point that women were not as yet fit to take their place in Parliament. These restless times demand a strong and experienced governing body, and this is no time to experiment by introducing women into the Government. How would the public feel if the Minister of Finance were a woman?

Miss Rogers, second speaker for the affirmative, dealt with the educational and political effect women would have on Parliament. She dealt with the deplorable state of education as it stands today—and showed how women could do much to improve things. Politically, Canada would become more democratic, and have better laws. There are certain questions which women are in a position to handle more satisfactorily than can men. If Canada wish-

ed to hold her place among the democratic nations of the world, she would have to admit women to Parliament.

Miss McLennan, in a brilliant speech, showed that women's education and experience had fitted her for the home and the community, and not for the Federal Government. In the community, she could deal with such problems as "pure milk" and "housing." Until a woman had been educated along the lines of national government, she should not take her place in Parliament.



MISS FRANCES ROGERS.
Science Debater.

Miss Harkness, in her rebuttal, cleverly refuted many of her opponents' points.

Pending the judges decision, several vocal and instrumental numbers were rendered. Professor Barton, chairman of the Judging Committee, announced the decision, which was in favour of the affirmative, remarking that they had arrived at that decision because of the logical way in which each point was dealt with, and because of the excellent delivery of the speakers.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

MACDONALD College has always had a high reputation for Inter-Class debates, and this reputation was worthily upheld in the debate which took place between the fourth and third years in Agriculture on the evening of March 2nd. The team representing the Senior class was composed of Messrs. Hodgins and Hatch, the representatives of the Junior class being Messrs. A. W. Peterson and G. D. Matthews.

The subject debated was: "Resolved: That complete union, political and economic, with the United States of America would be in the best permanent interests of Canada," the affirmative being upheld by the Seniors and the negative by the Juniors.

Mr. Hodgins, leader of the affirmative, showed the benefits to be derived by Canada from economic union with the United States, but Mr. Matthews, the leader of the negative, claimed that Canada would not arrive at a solution of her economic problems by a union with the United States, and that Canadian ideals would be traversed.

Mr. Hatch, the seconder of the affirmative, pointed out that for her best interests, both politically and economically, Canada should effect a union with the United States, which would also be the only means of bringing about the much desired Anglo-Saxon confederation. Mr. Peterson, the seconder of the negative, felt assured, however, that Canada's economic situation could be solved better without union with the United States. He appealed also to the ideals and sentiments of the audience, which, he declared, would have to be swept away to accomplish the union.

Many of the arguments of the negative were cleverly refuted by Mr. Hodgins in his rebuttal, and the judges came to the final decision that the affirmative had secured the victory.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

The victory of the Seniors in the Senior-Junior debate left the Seniors and Sophomores as contestants in the final debate of the year for the Debating Shield.

This debate was staged on the evening of March 25th, with Miss D. Kent, Vice-President of the Literary and Debating Society, in the chair. The subject chosen was: "Resolved: That it would not be in the best interests of the people of Canada to abolish the Senate." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Buckland and Jones, representing the Seniors, and the negative by Messrs. McGreer and Lefebvre, representing the Sophomores.

Mr. Buckland, leader of the affirmative, pointed out that because the Senate afforded protection to minorities its existence should continue, and that its reform was possible without abolition.

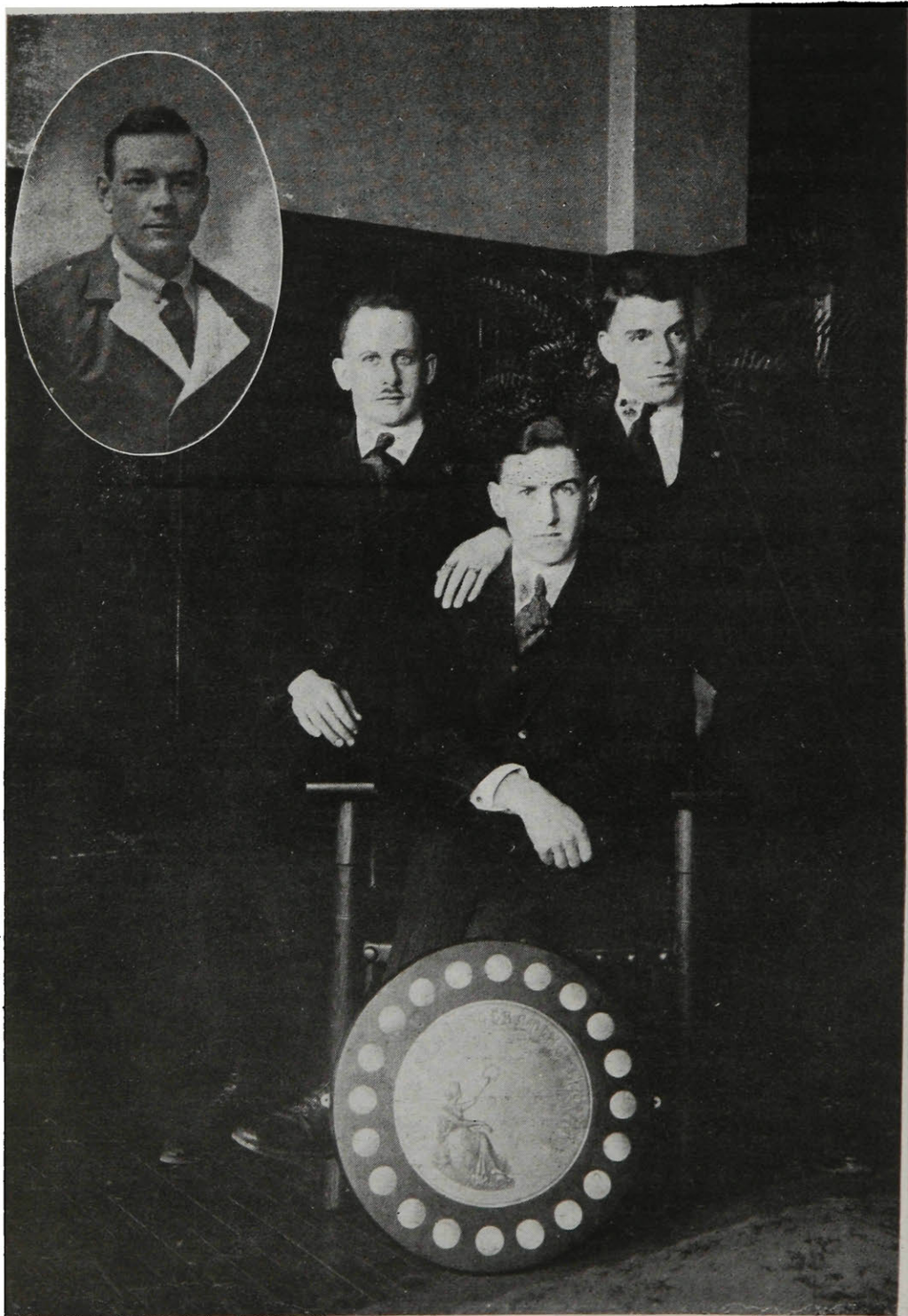
Mr. McGreer, leader of the negative, showed the necessity of the abolition of the Senate, for the Senate was not responsible to the people, it was a dangerous weapon in the hands of the Prime Minister, arising from the second reason there was the serious danger of a deadlock occurring, and the personnel of the Senate was inefficient.

Mr. Jones, in continuing the debate for the affirmative, claimed that the Senate justified its existence by reason of the number of bills that it amended, but Mr. Lefebvre, the seconder of

the negative, declared that the record of the Senate did not justify its existence, and that the upper house was causing a considerable waste of public money.

After Mr. Buckland's rebuttal, the judges retired to make their decision, which resulted in a victory for the second year.

Dr. Harrison, on being called upon to present the shield to the victorious class, referred in a few words to the history of the Debating Shield, and then delivered it to the safe keeping of Mr. J. W. Graham, President of the Sophomore Class, amid the deafening applause of the assembled students in the hall.



SOPHOMORE DEBATING TEAM.

Winners of the Debating Shield.

P. Ashby
(hospital uniform)

H. W. Brighton.

E. D. McGreer

Lefebvre

COLLEGE CHOIR PICNIC.

The College Choir treated themselves to one of the most enjoyable and enthusiastic picnics that have been held during our present session. After lectures Wednesday, March 31st, they journeyed to Isle Perrot under the protection and chaperonage of Professor and Mrs. Summerby. Here, after numerous games and explorations the sugar shanty was found. What happened there can be left to the reader's imagination. That taffy and sugar were "the real McKi." It was the sort of sugar of which our forefathers used to tell us about. Another throw of the baseball had to be inaugurated after that "sweet" feast before the choristers could settle themselves to the table of "cats" so bountifully prepared.

It was a grand outing. The merry strains of harmonious songs from that group as they headed at dusk for the College, were ample proof of the supreme success of the sugar-off. It made a grand finale for the 1919-1920 College Choir to keep as a reminder of

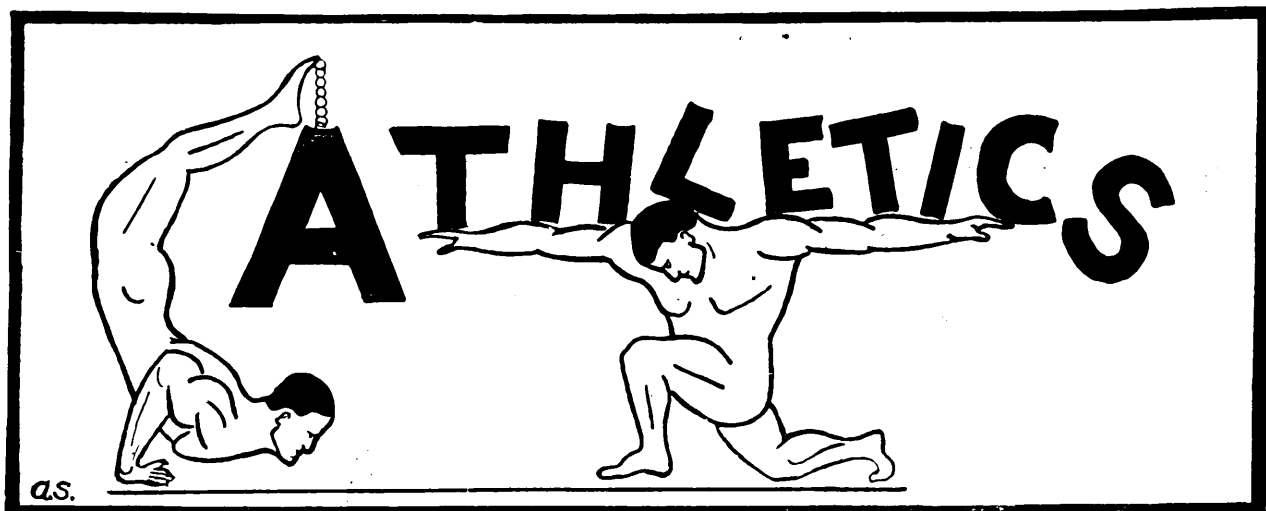
some of the happy days spent at our Alma Mater.

Class '21 Have a Feed and Lose a President.

Reg Jones, the President of Class '21, has made a record for taking exams at Macdonald. Reg. decided he wanted to go West this summer, and as he had to take the exams he made arrangements to do so orally. He got through eleven in three days—taking six in one day. His class-mates all wished him luck, and in order to tell him so, and to get together before he left them, the Juniors had an impromptu dinner at the Hudson Bay House, Monday evening, April 19th. The class was honored by the presence of their Honorary President, Prof. Lochhead, and Mrs. Lochhead. Mrs. Wright's menu, as usual, was all that could be desired, and there were the usual toasts and other incidentals to a class feed. One thing is certain, that Reg. went away feeling that everyone in the class was proud of their president. So here is Good Luck to him.



THE COLLEGE CHOIR GO PICNICING.



BY the time this issue of the Magazine is out, the college athletic activities will have ceased for the year. It has been a notable year in athletics, as in the other phases of college life. The keynote has been reorganization, and the policy of the Athletic Executive has been a conservative one. An effort has been made to place athletics on a firm basis, so there will be a good foundation for a more extensive development in years to come.

At the same time at least one new branch of sport was taken up with great enthusiasm. The success which attended the boxing tournament is ample witness of this. The various college teams have made a good showing, even though they did not lead in their leagues. The inter-class series for the Robertson Shield has been completed, and although not so close as was expected, furnished several good games. The quarantine regulations interfered considerably with the schedule and probable had some effect on the final result.

Taken all in all, with due allowance made for the various difficulties which the Athletic Executive labored under, the past year at Macdonald had been a successful one from the athletic standpoint.

BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The first annual boxing smoker was held on March 30th, and it was an outstanding success in every respect. The boxers were well matched, and the bouts interesting and close. The trophy for the best individual boxer was won by Bradford, '21, in a very pretty exhibition of scientific boxing.

The following are the results and officials:—

1. 125 lbs.—Amaron, T. '20, vs. A. R. Jones '21—Won by Jones.
2. 125 lbs.—Horsey, '23, vs. Wurtzburger, '23—Won by Horsey.
3. 135 lbs.—Bowen, '23, vs. Bradford, '21—Won by Bradford.
4. 145 lbs.—Paterson, '22, vs. Crang, '22—Won by Crang.
5. 125 lbs. (Final)—Horsey, '23, vs. Jones, '21—Won by Jones.
6. 158 lbs.—Perry, '21, vs. Armitage, '22—Won by Perry.
7. Heavyweight—Valloton, '23, vs. J. B. Smith, '21—Won by Valloton.

Officials.

Master of Ceremonies—A. W. Peterson.

Judges—C. B. Powter and R. T. Holcomb.

Referee—A. S. Lamb.

Announcer—Sergt.-Major Sharpe.

Timekeepers—J. K. Richardson and T. G. Major.



COLLEGE TEAMS.

Rugby.
Hockey.

Baseball.

Basketball.

BASEBALL.

Macdonald, 28; McGill Whites, 8.

The Macdonald boys again showed their superiority over the McGill Whites, in the High School gymnasium on March 3rd. Owing to lack of time, the game was called after the fifth inning, with the score 21—8 in favor of Macdonald. Crane, pitching for McGill Whites, was unable to hold the hard hitting Agriculturalists, while Dunsmore pitched a steady game for the college. Mr. Ricker ably handled the game.

Score by innings:

Macdonald.	3	9	8	1	—	21
McGill Whites	0	0	1	4	3	— 8

Batteries—Dunsmore and E. Ness; Crain and Burland.

McGill Reds, 24; Macdonald, 19.

On March 17th, a very close game was played between Macdonald and McGill Reds. The score was in doubt right to the end, with both sides playing a very good game. McGill started the scoring in the first inning, but Macdonald came right back in the second. Dunsmore and Skinner both pitched a good game for Macdonald, while Cockshutt, of the Reds, pitched a consistent game throughout. In fielding the McGill boys had slightly the best of it. The final score stood 24—19. Up to this game McGill Reds and Macdonald were tied for second place in the league.

Macdonald, 26; M.A.A.A., 10.

The College boys completely turned the tables on the city team on March 20th. Macdonald piled up a big score in the early part of the game, while Evans held the M.A.A.A. at his mercy. It was to a great extent due to his efforts that the College won as easily

as it did, for his support was far from perfect. His ability to tighten up in the pinches kept the losers from scoring on several occasions. The visitors seemed unable to get started, and after the first inning were never dangerous. The principal feature of the game, however, was the efforts of Hefferman, playing third for the M.A.A.A.; his running fire of supposedly caustic remarks kept the gallery and both teams amused.

M. A. A. A.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	—	10
Macdonald..	6	1	6	1	5	6	1	1	x	—	26

Batteries—Evans and E. Ness; Park, Carter and Hayes.

HOCKEY.

Macdonald, 8; Staff, 1.

What proved to be the final game of the hockey season was played on March 3rd between the College and the Staff. After the first few minutes of play there was no doubt as to the result. The student team outplayed their opponents in every way. The losers fought hard, but lacked both condition and combination. Prof. Barton and Underhill both played a good brand of hockey for the losers, while Richardson, Buchanan and B. Ness starred for the College.

Staff—Underhill, Walker, Heslop, Barton, Reid, Boulden, Starrak.

College—Richardson, B. Ness, Winters, Laurie, Buchanan, Art. Maw, Parker.

BASKETBALL.

McGill, 26; Macdonald, 11.

The College again went down to defeat in the return game with McGill on March 24th. In the first half it was anybody's, with the home team forcing the pace. The strange floor seemed to bother McGill considerably.

In the last half, however, they made things hum and soon had a big lead which they kept up to the end. The first class shooting of Parlow and Amaron was a big feature of McGill's play as well as their fast combination. For the College, Amaron and Dunsmore put up a good class of basketball; the whole College team played speedy combination, but inability to shoot lost the game. The game was the last of the season.

McGill — McKee, Parlow, Murray, Amaron, Bunt, Campbell.

Macdonald — Amaron, S. Skinner, Dunsmore, Peterson, Sutherland, Templeton.

COLLEGE TEAMS.

	Standing in		
	Won.	Lost.	League.
Baseball.	5	4	3
Basketball	2	4	3
Hockey	3	1	—
Rugby.	0	4	3
Soccer.	1	0	—

INTER-CLASS.

Basketball.

Seniors, 29; Freshmen, 20.

On February 25th, the Seniors and Freshmen played their scheduled basketball game, and, like the previous baseball game, it was keenly contested. The game was fairly fast for both sides were evidently out to win. The first half was perhaps anyone's game, for it was neck and neck throughout, and only by a matter of luck did the Seniors nose out an extra basket, ending the period 14—12 in their favour. Improved combination and shooting gave the Seniors the advantage in the second half.

Seniors—Pesner, S. Skinner, Dunsmore, A. Hay, Hatch.

Freshmen — Emberley, Bowen, Heslop, Amaron, Cooper, MacLennan.

Freshmen, 36; Juniors, 9.

To the great surprise of all, the Freshmen gave the Juniors a bad trimming in their basketball game on March 4th. After the first few minutes the issue was never in doubt; the first year men completely outclassed their opponents in speed, passing and shooting. During the first half the play was fairly close and fast, but several free shots enabled the Freshmen to finish the period with a 12—7 lead. A change on the Junior line-up failed to make any difference, and the game began to resemble a burlesque. The final score stood 36—9, and about represents the play.

Freshmen—Amaron, Heslop, Cooper, Bowen, MacLennan.

Juniors—Parker, Bradford, Buchanan, Peterson, Majer, Denison.

Sophomores, 30; Juniors, 16.

Rooters were in full force when the Sophs and Juniors met on March 31st in a game of basketball which was to decide the winners of the Robertson Shield. The first period was decidedly close. Both sides used all their skill to gain the ascendancy. For ten minutes the Juniors had the better of the score, but when the first period finished their opponents were in the lead by three points. The renewal of play showed changes in the line-up of both sides. These changes proved very advantageous for the Sophs, who gradually increased their lead too much for the Juniors to overcome. By the end of the game the Sophs were leading by 14 points, leaving the score at 30—16.

It was generally observed that the Juniors depended on long passes, while the Sophs used short, successive passes. Hard luck was experienced in shooting by both sides, but an analy-

sis of the score reveals that Templeton and Bradford were the leading scorers. Hard playing and hearty support characterized the deciding game for the indoor trophy.

Sophomores — Sutherland, Pewtress, Templeton, S. Skinner, Winters, Graham.

Juniors — Peterson, Major, J. B. Smith, Richardson, Bradford, Parker, Denison.

er played a good brand of ball, while C. Skinner pitched a very steady game for the Sophs. and had consistent support.

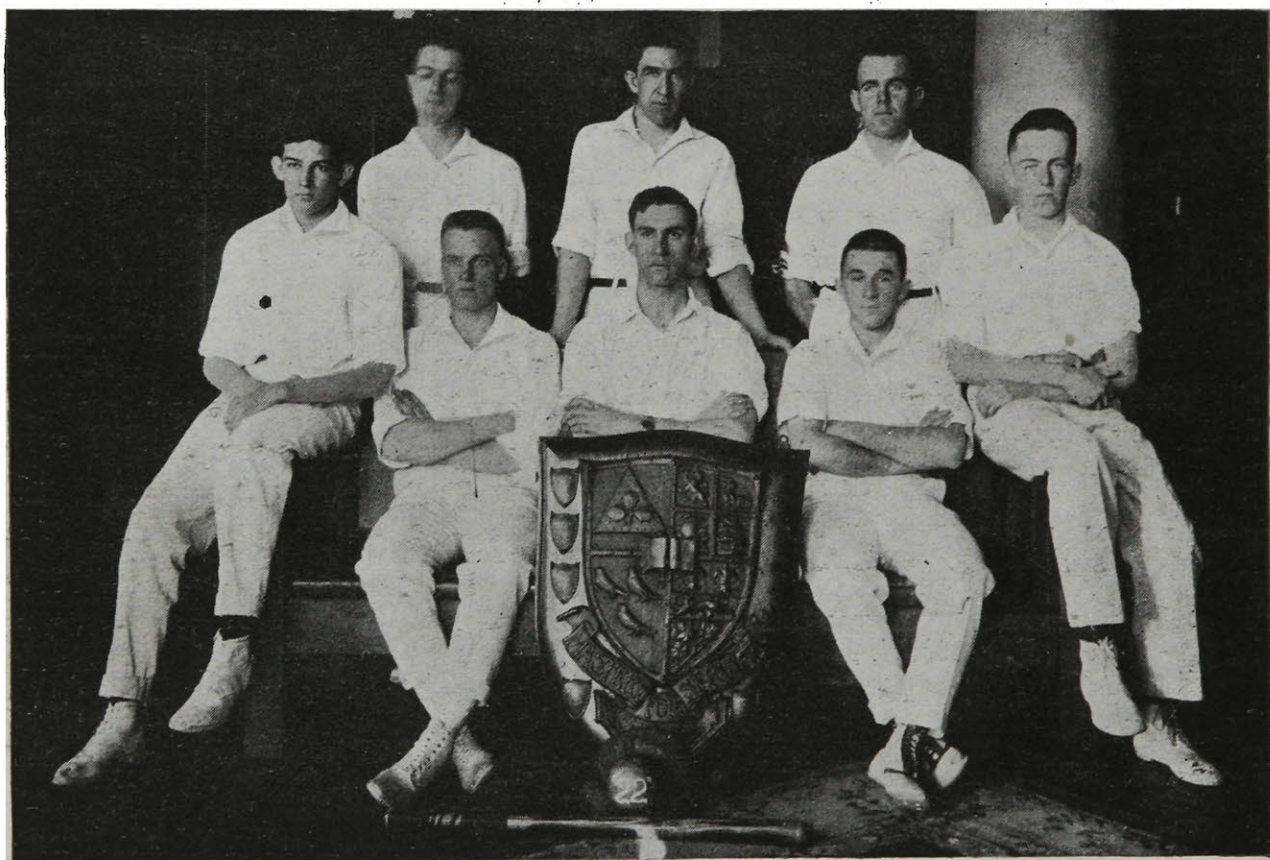
Sophomores. . . . 2 3 4 4 9 1 x — 23

Freshmen: 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 — 7

Batteries—C. Skinner and B. Ness; Vanterpool, Brodie, Ness and Heslop.

Sophomores, 27; Seniors, 17.

The Sophs continued their winning streak by trimming the Seniors on



SOPHOMORE BASEBALL TEAM.
Winners in Inter-Class Series.

Baseball.

Sophomores, 23; Freshmen, 7.

After a lapse of several weeks the inter-class baseball schedule was resumed on March 22, when the two lower years clashed. The Freshmen worked hard, but never had a look-in from the first. Inability to hit and erratic fielding on their part enabled the Sophs to pile up a lead which could not be overcome. For the losers, Coop-

March 29th. The game was fast and interesting throughout, and closer than the score indicates. The Sophs piled up fifteen runs in the third and fourth and although Skinner was hit frequently, managed to hold their lead through airtight fielding. Welsh replaced Dunsmore in the seventh, when the latter showed signs of blowing up. There were no outstanding stars on either team.



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.
Winners in Inter-Class Series.

Seniors 1 4 1 4 2 2 0 1 2 — 17
Sophomores. 2 3 7 8 2 1 1 3 x — 27
Batteries—Dunsmore, Welsh and E.
Ness; C. Skinner and B. Ness.

Inter-class Standing.

Teams.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Sophomores.	6	0	1.000
Seniors.	2	2	.400
Juniors.	2	3	.400
Freshmen	1	5	.169

SOCCER.

BOVING CUP FINAL.

Freshmen, 2; Seniors, 1.

On Wednesday afternoon April 14. the Freshmen defeated the Seniors in the final round for the Boving Cup. The weather was fine and there was a large attendance. Play throughout the game was keen. The Freshmen, however, were the first to settle down and showed better football. particu-

larly in their forward division. Collis scored for the Freshmen during the first half and Ashton netted the equalizing goal five minutes after the interval. No further scoring was made, and it was decided to play overtime. From now on the Freshmen were the superior team and Dimmock gave them the winning goal.

Teams were as follows:—

Freshmen: Graham, McKibbin, G. Matthews, Bowen, MacLennan, Brooks, Rolleston, Vanterpool, Dimmock, Collis, Cooper.

Seniors: Ness, Hay, Jones, A. E. Matthews, W. Dunsmore, Reid, Hay, Ashton, Skinner, Saunders, Hatch.

STAFF BASEBALL.

Since the last issue of the Magazine the staff team has completed the series of games, playing four games and winning two more by default from the McGill Whites and the R.C.R.

On February 25th the Staff played the R.C.R. in the Craig Street drill hall. Several incidents helped to make this game one of the most strenuous and exciting of the series. After an animated discussion upon the rules which were to be followed, the game began. The R.C.R. team who had contemptuously referred to our gymnasium as a "bed room," felt much more at ease in their home quarters which, to our team, looked like a good sized farm. The fielders were compelled to use telescopes, and when a ball passed them, it became necessary to join the Cook's tour organization, say good-bye, wind up all business affairs and leave on an indefinite journey.

In spite of this handicap as well as the "moonlight" light and the vigorous rooting of the opposition, our team managed to salvage thirty-three

home runs, while the R.C.R. had to be satisfied with eight journeys of a like nature.

On March 6th, the M.A.A.A. played against us in the home gym. This team played vigorous and uniform ball and the game was keenly contested throughout. The final result was close but the Staff team won by a score of 19—16.

On March 15th the most exciting game of the series was played against the students. The uproar caused by the frenzied fanning of the student fans showed that college spirit was not lacking when required. It was anybody's game almost to the last, but the staff team managed to get four runs in their last inning, so that the final score was 20—15.

On March 17th the final game of the series was played against the McGill Reds in the High School gymnasium, Montreal. This team had played good ball throughout the season, and this game proved no exception. They held our team very closely and their fielding was excellent. Apart from a bad break in the fourth inning, when they gave us nine runs, the game was very even, although the final score was 20—16 in our favour.

The consistent playing of the staff team has placed it at the head of the league, and it is proud of the fact that no games were lost. Eight games were played and won, while two more were won by default.

The team has derived much benefit from the series, and has also won the coveted cup which was put up for competition by the six teams in the league. It does not behoove the scribe to praise his own team, so without further words he declares the series officially finished.—J.E.M.

Girls' Athletics



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

BASEBALL.

Macdonald, 67; Westhill High School, 13.

With D. Roberts as Baseball Manager and Mr. Raymond as coach, the team have been training hard. This was the first game which the girls played against an outside team. Macdonald had much the advantage in size and age, but the Westhill girls put up a good fight all through, though it was easily seen from the first that Macdonald would win.

Line-up for Macdonald: D. Ledain, H. Wilson, D. Roberts, G. Pearson, H. Hall, M. Fowler, D. Kent, G. Thompson C. Merrill.

Macdonald, 30; Peace Centennial Teachers, 24.

Great Enthusiasm was shown over the game played at Macdonald, on April 24th, because the visiting team were nearly all old Mac. girls.

Owing to the swiftness of Miss Tenny's pitching, our girls were unable to score many runs during the first few innings. But at the end of the fifth inning, Mac. led strongly with a score of 26—12.

The Macdonald team did their best playing in the field, the final score being 30—24 in their favour.

Line-up for Macdonald: D. Ledain, H. Wilson, D. Roberts, G. Pearson, H.

Hall, M. Fowler, M. Harmer, G. Mc-
Ouatt, C. Morrill, H. Aucun.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Macdonald vs. R.V.C.

On Wednesday, March 10th, the Girl's Hockey Team played their first game against R.V.C. The ice was very soft, soon becoming nothing but slush, but in spite of this both teams displayed great skill and put up an excellent game.

Only one goal was scored, R.V.C. succeeding in getting the puck past our goalkeeper.

The line-up was as follows:—

R.V.C.		Mac.
D. Campbell	Centre	S. Hyde
V. Foley	Forward	M. James
G. Mills	"	D. Hennessy
K. Cameron	Defence	T. Campbell
M. Fry	"	G. Thompson
K. Godwin	Goal	M. Fowler
L. MacKenzie	Sub.	M. Stevenson
T. Rough	"	E. Bagley
	"	C. Hodge

Second R.V.C., 5: Macdonald 0.

A return game was played on March 13 with R.V.C. in the Coliseum rink. Our team, though lacking in practice, and not feeling at home on a large rink, put up a good fight. Throughout the game, R.V.C. worked hard and shot well. However, owing to the skill of Mac's goaler, most of these shots were stopped.

During the first period, R.V.C., counting on the strange rink being in their favour, worked their hardest, and won three goals. But in the two remaining periods, our girls held them down to one goal in each. The victory for R.V.C. was due to the good combination of their team and to the excellent shooting of D. Campbell and M. Fry. Several good rushes were made by G. Thompson, but these were of no avail on account of the failure of Macdonald to play combination.

"Time" at length found the score 5—0 in favour of R.V.C.

Line-up was same as in the previous game.

This was the last game played because the weather was fast changing to something more suited to Spring sports.

LATE SCIENCE NOTES.

Short Course Initiation.

A girl's daring climb to the top of the 125 ft. water tower to pull down the Short Course flag placed there by some friend of the latter resulted from the initiation. The Homemakers attacked the Short Course in their castle on the top floor of the Main Building about four a.m. But the Short Course had been warned of their intentions and barricades of brooms and step-ladders had to be stormed and taken.

under a drenching flood of cold water, before the Short Course could be subdued and dressed in wild and fancy costume, and later taken to the dining hall for breakfast.

Here word was brought of the Short Course banner being on the tank, and Maisie Currie (to whom we take off our hats) slipped out, climbed the dizzy height and brought down the flag and so saved the Homemakers' honor.



1st Basketball Team.

COLLEGE TEAMS.

Hockey Team.

2nd Basketball Team.



If under this you find your name,
Don't get sore!
Just laugh—That's fine—
We won't do it any more.

* * * * *

Birch: "What is the name of your favourite tree?"

Miss B-l-n: "Yew!"

* * * * *

Jimmy: "Will you call for help if I attempt to kiss you?"

Dot.: "Yes, if necessary; but I don't see why a big strong man like you should need any help!"

* * * * *

Dr. H. (in Bacteriology): "Now, what other kinds of smoked fish have we?"

Chris: "Ham."

* * * * *

Model (in Day School): "Now, if you bought 10 buns for 5c, what would they be?"

Bright Light: "Stale."

Marg.—Jack calls me "Revenge."

Peg.—Why?

Marg.—He says "Revenge is sweet."

* * * * *

Some of Our Lecture Periods.

Chemistry—A period of bad snells.

Physics—A period of perplexity

English—A period of quiet contentment.

Zoology—A period that usually Peters out.

Horticulture—A period that bears good fruit.

Entomology—A period in which we hibernate.

Economics—A period in which the students bear the Brunt.

Forestry—A period of beating about the bush.

History of Agri.—A period of red hot pens and notebooks.

Poultry—A period in which we don't feel too cocky as it soon eggshauls us.

M is for Mort,
Not a bad sort,
He just looked at Dot,
And started to court.

A stands for Annie,
A bonnie, wee lad,
O'er whose curly tresses,
Our Jessie's gone mad!

C is for Clarence,
A very nice boy,
His mother's pride,
And his Mildred's joy.

D stands for Daly
With a gift of the gab,
To see him in action,
Take him home in a cab.

O is for Otto,
Who has made quite a hit,
For when Bully sees him,
She near throws a fit.

N stands for Norris,
Who won the debate,
And now his chief worry,
Is to find him a mate.

A is for Armitage,
Best known as "Red,"
When it came to fair Ibbie,
He's got it on Ted.

L stands for L. C.,
Who is on the staff,
But watch out for him, girls,
He'll give you the laugh.

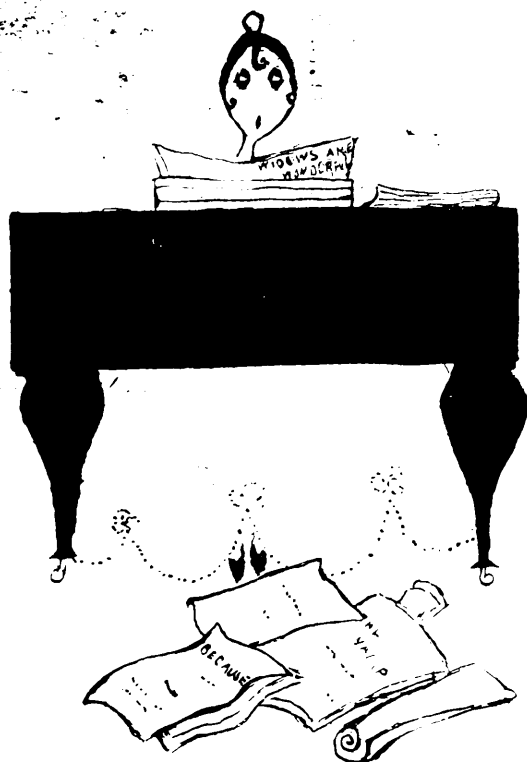
D is for Douglas,
About whom we're all crazy,
But then it's quite useless,
So long as there's Maisie.

* * * * *

We note that—

- (1) Pete has become quite Sole-ful of late.
- (2) Reggie is striving for an M.C.
- (3) Vall has gone Stark mad.
- (4) Jimmy has Hope.
- (5) Georgie is considering an Arts course.
- (6) Simmonds will be along Shortley.
- (7) Vic's diary is a book of "Sam's."

* * * * *



A FAVORITE SONG OF WEARY'S.
We wonder why?

Bully: "Yes, I liked my table,
Snookums and Hec. were there!"

Birch: "Then why did you come to
this table?"

Bully: "One can't exist on cherubs
all the time, can one?"

(Note: Why not 'can' both of them.)

* * * * *

R is for R—— R——,
A nice little chap,
Whose loving is limited,
On account of his lap.



- (1) P-s-s-s!!! * ?? z-z-z-mee-eow
 (2) Revival of compulsory military training.
 (3) The one hundred and safety first bat-
 tallion.
 (4) Convalescent (after Physics period).
 (5) Can you Zee der berg?

- (6) Measuring the growth of a Plaunt.
 (7) Seniors fighting the "flu."
 (8) The straight narrow path (dinner-
 times.
 (9) Puzzle, find the goose.
 (10) Fully-armed—puff, powder, etc., etc.

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standards.*

Rastus had been away for some months, and when he returned to Melonville he decided to show the home people how to talk.

That night at supper, Brother Sam said: "Pass the 'lasses."

Rastus: "Say molasses."

Sam: "Mo' 'lasses? What d'l want mo' 'lasses for? I hain't had no 'lasses yet."

* * * * *

He, as the butter was passed to him: "I take thee o-leo-margarine, for butter or for worse."

* * * * *

A Latin Romance.

Boyibus kissibus sweetum girlorum
Girlibus likibus wansom morem
Pater puellibus enter parlorem
Kickibus boyibus exibus doorem
Nightibus darkibus puer limporem
Climibus fencibus pantsum torem.

* * * * *

Love's Arithmetic.

He was teaching her arithmetic;
He said it was his mission,
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack by smack,
In silent satisfaction,
She timidly gave him one back
And said, "Now that's subtraction."

So he kissed her and she kissed him
Without an explanation,
And then they both together said,
"Now, that's multiplication."

But Dad appeared upon the scene
And snorted his decision.
He kicked poor "him" three blocks
away,
And said, "That's long division."

An old chap looked up angrily from his glass of beer, "Call this 2 per cent stuff near-beer?" he demanded. "Well all I can say is that the brewer was a mighty poor judge of distance."

* * * * *

M.: "How do they condense milk, Dug?"

Dug.: "Oh, they just take ordinary milk and—er—put it into something—and—er—condense it."

* * * * *

Dr. McC.: "Whether the smell of carbolic acid is pleasant or unpleasant is all a matter of taste."

Strange! We have always thought it was a matter of smell.

* * * * *

An old farmer was eyeing a horse critically; he intended to buy, but was not satisfied with some detail.

"Look here," he said to the dealer, "did you say you paid \$50 for this horse three years ago, or \$3.00 for it 50 years ago?"

* * * * *

Reg.: "Have you made any plans for your trip next summer?"

Art: "No, none whatever: my wife will accompany me."

* * * * *

Fussed Father: "Doesn't that yap know how to say, 'Good-night?'"

Daughter: "Well, rather, Dad."

* * * * *



